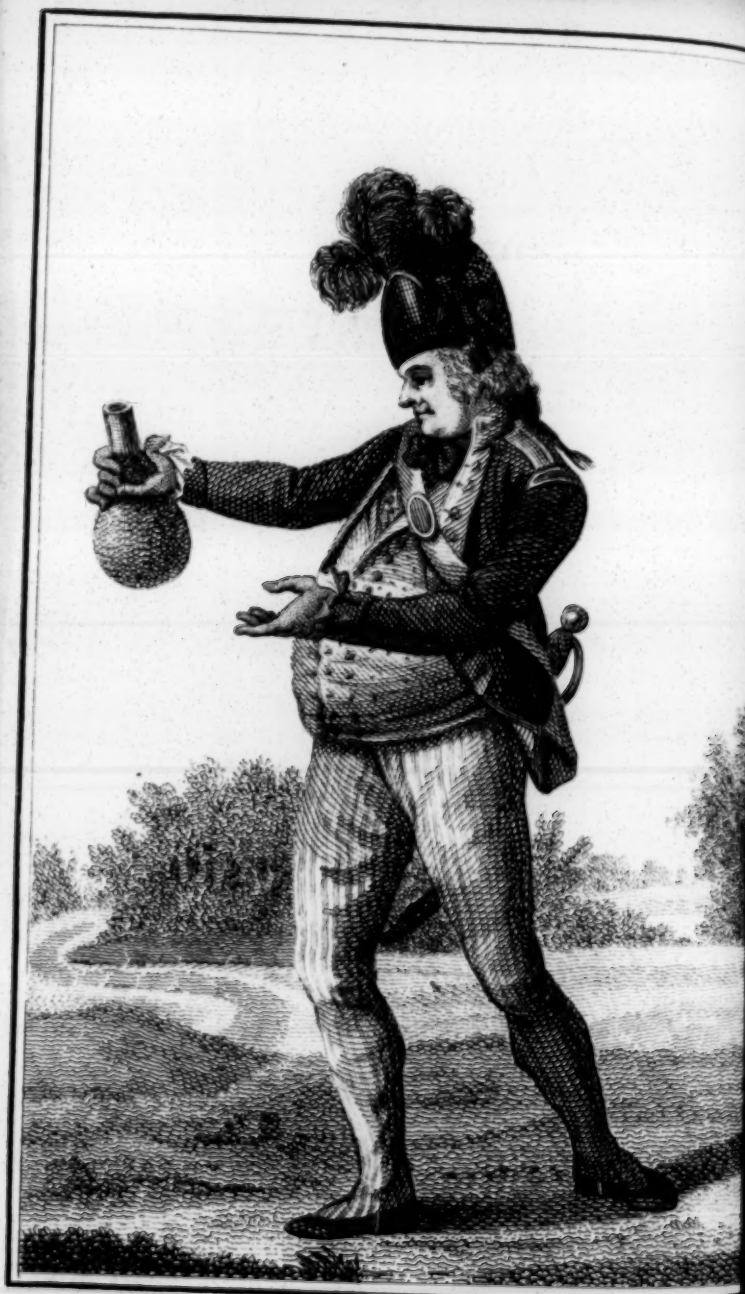




MR. DIGHTON

(of Sadler's Wells)

in the Character of Dennis O'Neal.

THE NEW
LYRIC REPOSITORY,
FOR 1793.

Collected by W. DALE, Successor to

R. PARSLEY.

Containing a Selection of all the favourite

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

NOW SINGING AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL,

&c. &c.

Also those sung last Season at

Sadlers-Wells,

Faux hall,

Astley's Amphitheatre,

The Apollo,

Bermondsey Spa,

&c. &c.

Printed for W. DALE, Surry side of Black-Friars Bridge;

and H. D. SYMONDS, Paternoster Row.

And may be had of all the Booksellers in Great Britain and
Ireland.

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Publisher and Proprietor of the *second part* of the NEW LYRIC REPOSITORY, for the year 1792, could not offer its appearance in Public, without expressing his grateful acknowledgements to the numerous purchasers of the *First*; the increasing demand for which, has incited him to print a much larger number of the present.—And as it has been his study, from the first time this little Publication fell into his hands, that nothing offensive to the eye of Modesty should appear in it, he flatters himself the support he has hitherto so liberally experienced, will be continued to him.

Nov. 1792.

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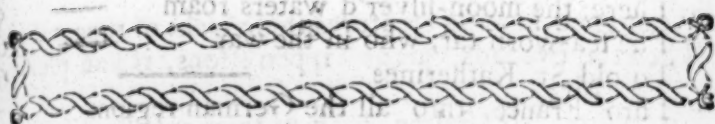
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NEW LYRIC REPOSITORY.

PATRICK O'CONNOR's *Description of the Indian Campaign with his Friend TIPPPOO.*

(*Tune Corporal Casey.*)

The Words by Mr. ASTLEY, sen.

FROM sweet Tipperary, to pick up some honour,
I'm here to be sure, little Patrick O'Connor,
With Denis O'Neal, Teddy Blane, and O'Carty,
By my soul we have routed the Black-a-moor party.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, faith Mr. Tippoo
We have bother'd your head, and we've made you to
skip O!
Devil burn me, you're quiet, so good bye Mr. Tippoo.

Now d'ye see the queer chief would have fain made
us bellow;
But for gallant Cornwallis, that fine British fellow,
While Tippoo made sure now, to kill us and eat us,
With the half of his kingdom, we made him to treat
us.

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, so Mr. Tippoo,
You fain wou'd have given us, my jewel, the slip O!
Arrah, honey, be easy, now do Mr Tippoo.

B

What

What good-looking creatures these lacks of rupees, Sir,
Then the two lads, great Tippoos' sons, if you please,
Sir;

To be sure, Mr. Sultan, with us they an't sleeping,
Nor you get them again till you pay for their keeping,
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, faith Mr Tippoos,
To be sure you won't pay us for taking a trip O!
Which we did, just to say, "How d'ye do Mr. Tip-
poo?"

O England and Ireland, my jewel, for ever,
Their hearts are so great, and their soldiers so clever!
Now Tippoos wou'd fain send us back with pretences,
But, d'ye mind, it won't do till he's paid all expences.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, no Mr. Tippoos,
Not a man must take horse, and ride home in a ship O!
Till the reck'ning is paid,——then good day Mr. Tip-
poo.

*Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT in the character of a Pic-man,
in the Entertainment, called BAGSHOT-HEATH CAMP.*

(Tune O my kitten my kitten.)

The words by Mr. ASTLEY, sen.

O Lord what a place is a camp!
What wonderful doings are here,
How the people are all on the tramp,
Now to me it looks devilish queer!
There's ladies a swigging of gin!
And cropp'd macaronies likewise!
There's I with my who'll up and w!
Come here is your hot mutton pie^s.

Tol loi de rol, &c.

There's horses, and asses, and chaise,
 And waggons and carts out of number,
 Here's racketing nights and by days,
 And inns full of dead and live lumber!
 Now there is a beau in a gig!
 And here is a lady in clover!
 And there lies an alderman's wig,
 With Billy the taylor done over.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

There's gallopping this way and that,
 With madam, stand out of the way,
 There's sic, Sir, what would you be at?
 Come, none of your impudence, pray!
 There's halt, to the right about face,
 There's laughing, and screaming, and cries;
 There's milliners' men out of place,
 And I with my hot mutton pies.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

There's the heath all the world like a fair;
 There's butlers, sutlers, and cooks,
 There's popping away in the air,
 And captains with terrible looks!
 There's how d'ye do?—Pretty well!
 O the dust has half blinded my eyes;
 There's fellow, what have you to sell?
 Why here is my hot mutton pies.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

*Sung by Mr. DUBOIS, in the Entertainment of
 MARS'S HOLIDAY, at Sadler's-Wells.*

B USINESS now for a while laid by,
 All to the camp ding, dong, are a-gadding,
 Money or none,—away they fly,
 Hit or miss—'tis an age to be mad in;

B 2

Mer-

Merchant sparks,
 Lawyer's clerks,
 Puff'd with pride and vain emulation
 Trimm'd and dress'd,
 Fine as the best,
 All take share of the frolic in fashion.
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Students now the gown resign,
 Heedless alike of this or that form ;
 The learned exercise decline,
 To see the exercise of the platform.
 City blades
 Leave their trades,
 Physic dons their consultation ;
 Tories, Whigs,
 Prudes and Prigs
 All take share of the frolic in fashion.

With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Miss with her streamers gaily spread,
 At the red coats comes to be staring ;
 Madam's maid with a dress-up head,
 Madam's self, in her dress out staring.
 No degrees
 Now one sees,
 All to be equals now is the passion ;
 All in a groupe,
 Cock-a-hoop!

All take share of the frolic in fashion.

With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Why should not I, then, join the plan,
 And for once,—to humour a play day,
 Fancy myself a gentleman,
 And old Mary, here, a lady ?
 Why should not I,
 Who, by the bye,

Have

Have for a wet day made preparation,
 Like a jest
 Well as the best,
 And take share of the frolic in fashion?
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

*Sung by Mr. DIGHTON, in the Entertainment of
 MARS'S HOLIDAY, at Sadler's-Wells.*

Late was a waggoner fly and dry,
 As e'er jogged over the downs,
 No market cross was known better than I
 In all the neighbouring towns;
 Not hating a tiresome, lazy life,
 And fearless of wounds and death,
 I set out on a tramp,
 To follow the camp,
 And drive, to the jig of a drum and a fife,
 King's cattle on Bagshot heath.

There see me parade,
 I'the soldiering trade,
 And shoulder my whip—just so,—
 Gee—ce—oo—oup! Gallows!—Would you walk
 over the ladies?—Stand out of the line of march
 you jemmy ge'minan in black—great guns pay
 no respect to parsons.
 Wo! Crop, wo!
 But they heeds not what I say,
 So I whistles and flogs away.

Our generals oft in a woundy brawl,
 On purpose to shew their skill,
 Ends me and the cattle and cannon and all
 A cantering up a hill;

But what d'ye think is the next thing done,

When we gets to the top? why then

Comes a kind of a man,

As they calls aid-de-cam—

Ad rat-on for spoiling the best of the fun,—

And gallops us down again—

Then in front and rear

If you could but hear

How quick the firings go.

Pop, pop, pop—pop—pop—"Zounds! Major,

"get out of the way, don't you see we are

"coming upon you with fixed bayonets!

"Would you have us kill one another, and

"damn'd to you?"

Stop says I.

Wo! Captain, wo!

But they heeds not what I say,

So I whistles and flogs away.

Then at night in a canvas round-about

Neither comfort nor cold we feel,—

Where a dozen or more lay foot to foot

Like the spokes of a catherine wheel!

All higgledy-piggledy, pigs in the straw

We snooze without thinking of harm,

Till a signal goes

To jump into our cloaths,

And as fine a confusion as ever you saw

Is a midnight false alarm.

There, oft' you'll see

From the snug marquise,

A belle turn out for a beau.

"Ah!—ah!—a—ah—Fire! Thieves!—for he

"ven's sake, young man, what is the matter

Bless your pretty face, miss, 'tis only a can

frolic;—I suppose you thought the cap

was going to hop the twig, and bilk the

oning, eh?

Wo! Smiler, wo!
 But she minds not what I say,
 So I whistles and flogs away.

*Sung in the Entertainment of the SAVAGES, at
 Sadler's-Wells.*

COME neighbours, awhile leave your labours and
 care,
 And follow tight Andrew to Giggle-down fair,
 Such din and diversion you never did see
 As to day—if you chuse to give credit to me;
 Come away, come away, come away to the fair
 In your holiday gear,
 Trim and dainty appear,
 Come away, come away, come away to the fair.

You may there see a minuet danc'd on the wire,
 And a conjurer swallow a bason of fire,
 Thro' a glass for a half penny, see a fine shew,
 Or behold for a groat tame wild beasts all a-row.
 Come away, &c.

Here a pack of strange fools thro' a collar that grin,
 He that makes the worst faces is surest to win;
 There with hot hasty pudding some crammin'd to their
 eyes,
 And he that's best scalded walks off with the prize.
 Come away, &c.

Then you ne'er can imagine what wonderful gig,
 When the clowns run agog at the tail of a pig.
 When they think they have hold on't, he's off with a
 flirt,
 And they're left in the lurch with their eyes in the
 dirt.
 Come away, &c.

Then I and my master can cure all your ills,
 With our ointments, potions, our powders and pills;
 For, as well as great doctors who take their degrees,
 Tho' we do you no good, we can pocket the fees.
 Come away, &c.

RED AND WHITE.

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

PLEAS'D, let the dangling fop delight
 In artful Chloe's red and white;
 For me rich grapes with varied juice,
 Can choicer red and white produce.
 No tints can Chloe's cheeks disclose,
 To mate the lily and the rose;
 On whom, like her, vile insects prey,
 And then their beauties fade away.

But wine, of pale or rosy hue,
 That keeps it's native colour true,
 Is like a genuine friend sincere,
 Tho' lov'd in youth, in age more dear.
 It aids no insect drones to thrive,
 But feeds the noblest souls alive;
 E'en now it glows along my veins,
 And prompts the grateful, generous strains.

ZEPHYR

ZEPHYR AND THE ROSE;
OR, THE STOLEN SALUTE.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

WHEN Zephyr, who sighs for the lover's soft
bliss,
Salutes by surprise the coy rose,
Averting her head, she declines his fond kiss,
Her beautiful lips strive to close.
Tho' all mildness the youth of such fragrance possess'd,
Transported he feeds on her breath,
Nor thoughtless reflects while he feels himself blest'd
To her who thus blesses 'tis death.
Nor thoughtless reflects, &c.

Now closer he presses, unable to speak,
What must the dear innocent feel?
Alarm him, ye dew-drops, that roll down each cheek,
Her anguish intreat him to heal.
Ah! bid him beware, lest a moment of joy,
Of joy, spite of honour obtain'd;
The peace of two minds in an instant destroy,
That peace which can ne'er be regain'd.
The peace of two minds, &c.

The rogne hears sage prudence, not seeming to hear,
And feels, tho' not seeming to feel;
His lips check the course of each delicate tear,
Then labour her anguish to heal.
The breath just exhausted by one stolen kiss,
A thousand chaste kisses restore;
And crimson'd with blushes, her beauty and bliss
Grow perfect, and lessen no more.
And crimson'd, &c.

GOOD LIQUOR.

*Composed by Mr. CARTER.**The words by Mr. HARRISON.*

MY voice tho' discordant I'll cheerfully raise,
And join me, my friends, for good liquor I
praise.

Host, bring your best vintage, for as to the worst,
May the knavish provider eternally thirst.

'Then let females and feminine men sip their tea,
But good liquor, my friends, is the liquor for me.

Tea, slip slops, and water, enervate the frame,
And their use has lost Britain too much of her fame.
How the deuce should five Englishmen beat fifty
French,

If we drink only liquors too weak for a wench?

Then let females, &c.

Like them, we had better eat frogs from the lake,
Than our thirst with the water they sink in to slake;
Besides, tho' the French have confounded bad food,
They drink Burgundy, Champagne, and Claret, all
good.

Then let females, &c.

On the warm spring of life, if cold water we pour,
The streams of Benevolence curdle and sour;
While tea robs the nerves of their genial juice,
And deprives them at once of their feeling and use.

Then let females, &c.

But wine, gen'rous liquor, bright, sparkling, and old,
From the heart's frozen regions expels all that's cold;
Fills with vigour the nerves, aids with warmth the
rich tide,
And makes strength down the stream, with soft senti-
ment glide.

Then let females, &c.

CHACE AWAY CARE,

*A Convivial Ballad.**Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.**The words by Mr. HARRISON.*

WHEN a few friends are met to be chearful and
gay,

'Tis the duty of each to chace dull Care away;
And all may assist, who endeavour their best,
With sentiment, song, repartee, tale, or jest;
This, then, is the way I contribute my mite,
To put the foul, vaporous monster, to flight.
I'm a novice, 'tis true, but I still may make shift,
My friends all around will but give me a lift.
To chace away care, for your aid I now call;
'Tis your cause, 'tis my cause, the cause of us all.

A vaporous monster is Care; and his breath
Would be to all mirth and good-fellowship death;
Had it not been most kindly decreed by the gods,
That the vile mists, which rise from, should hover
round clods;

While no pestilent vapour they e'er would admit
To approach the gay features well brighten'd by wit.
I'm a novice, &c.

From the sight of gay features, dull Care slinks away,
Like the night's sullen gloom at the dawning of day:
Then let us be merry, drink, laugh, chat, and sing,
And each his best share to the treasury bring;
For doubt, for the whole, he some good may impart,
To gladden the features, or better the heart.

I'm a novice, &c.

CELADON

CELADON.

*Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.**The words by the late Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.*

THO' his passion in silence the youth would conceal,
 What his tongue dare not utter, his eyes still reveal,
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the green, to the grove, to the dance, to the fair
 Wherever I go, the dear shepherd is there;
 I know the fond youth, by his blush, by his smile,
 And, surely, such looks were not made to beguile!

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love;
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
 Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are on me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
 He should say what I dread, and yet wish most to hear
 Should he mention his love, (tho' my pride would de-
 ny,)

My heart whispers "Celia, fond Celia! comply."

THE CAUTION.

*Composed by Mr. WEBBE.**The words by JOHN GIFFORD, ESQ.*

AH! tell me, my Anna, thou loveliest maid,
 Whose beauties embellish this cot-cover'd green
 Why the dark gloom of thought on thy brow is de-
 play'd,
 Why the languor of grief is express'd in thy mien

That passion-fraught sigh, that springs deep from the heart,

And creates the warm glow that encrimsons the cheek,

Too well does the soft tender motive impart,

Too plainly does love's cruel triumph bespeak.

Beware, my fond maid, of the dangerous guest,

Of his praises so specious discredit the sound,

Nor venture to foster a snake in thy breast,

Who the kindness repays with a treacherous wound.

The traitor expel from that sacred retreat,

That heavenly bosom as spotless as fair,

Lest virtue be chac'd from her favourite seat,

And the mansion of peace prove the dwelling of care.

His attractions though potent, his charms though divine,

Form'd the warmest sensations of bliss to impart,

Yet the pleasing delusion my Anna resign,

What flatters the eye often tortures the heart.

OUTWARD CHARMS.

Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.

THO' outward charms by all admir'd,

A transient pleasure must impart,

Yet brighter beauties are requir'd

To bind in lasting chains the heart.

As Winter's hand each blooming flow'r

Deprives of ev'ry beauteous hue;

So Time, with never failing pow'r,

External beauties will subdue.

The ruby lip, the sparkling eye,
The glowing cheek, the bosom white;
Which with the rose and lily vie,
Will shortly fail to yield delight.

But calm good-nature, gentle truth,
With sense and sweet discretion join'd,
Will heighten ev'ry charm of youth,
And e'en in age affection bind.

Then strive ye nymphs, with earnest care,
Each mental beauty to attain;
Since these will make you doubly fair,
And love and fix'd affection gain.

THE REPENTANT LOVER.

Composed by Mr. WEBBE.

The words by JOHN GIFFORD, Esq.

AH! let not the heart by contrition affected,
Be doom'd a fit subject dear Anna for scorn,
The pray'r of repentance through caution suspected,
Might render the victim of sorrow forlorn.

Affection sincere by its object offended
The fairest effusions of mercy must prove;
For where indignation with sweetness is blended,
The clouds of resentment must fly before love.

Convert by your smiles, to the soft breeze of pleasure
Each tempest of passion, of care each rude blast,
Rewards daily springing from joy's boundless treasure,
The future shall more than atone for the past.

FAIR SOPHIA.

*Composed by Dr. MILLER.**The words by the Honourable HORACE WAISPOLE;*

AS the mole's silent stream crept pensive along,
And the winds murmur'd solemn the willows
among,

On the green turf complaining a swain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river, and sigh'd to the wind.

In vain, he cry'd, Nature has waken'd the spring,
In vain blooms the violet, the nightingales sing;
To a heart full of sorrow no beauties appear,
Each Zephyr's a sigh, and each dew-drop a tear.

In vain my Sophia has graces to move
The fairest to envy, the wisest to love;
Her presence no longer gives joy to my eye,
Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

Oh! that Slumber his pinions would over me spread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
The beautiful vision would soften my pain,
But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

The wretch, thus, like me, his heart wounded with
care,

Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair:

His pains, ever working, deny him repose,

And the moments but vary, to vary his woes.

THE DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERD.

*A Favourite Pastoral Ballad, Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.**The words by the late Mr. WOTY.*

YE swains that insult o'er my woe,
 And make me the jest of the green,
 What I suffer ye slenderly know,
 My Phillis ye never have seen.
 O! she's lovely as thought can express,
 As gentle and mild as the dove,
 I saw her, and who could do less?
 I saw, and I could not but love!

How shall I my love recommend?
 I may rob her soft heart of its ease;
 And sure, I must dread to offend,
 Whose study is only to please.
 In expression let others excel,
 My love is a stranger to art:
 Tho' may be I speak not so well,
 Yet trust me, I speak from the heart.

At each scene of the well-fabled woe,
 Which sorrow so forcibly speaks,
 I mark'd the soft current o'erflow,
 And the tear gently steal down her cheeks!
 I mark'd it, and trust me ye fair,
 It pleas'd me such softness to see!
 Can she melt at a fancied despair,
 And not have compassion for me?

THE EFFUSIONS OF ABSENCE.

*Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.**The words by Mr. CHANDLER.*

IN vain do idle vi'lets blow,
 Or cowslips gild the silent dale,
 Or lilies emulate the snow,
 And fling their fragrance thro' the vale;
 Till Henry to my longing arms,
 With equal love returns again,
 Not spring with all his rosy charms,
 Can ease my bosom of its pain.

When by the murm'ring brook I stray,
 Or rove at eve the woodlands o'er;
 The sighing Zephyrs seem to say,
 Will Henry bless these scenes no more?
 Hasten to thy much lov'd groves again;
 Return, and all my fears remove:
 Hasten, Henry, and renew the reign
 Of peace, of harmony, and love.

FAREWEL TO POLLY.

*Composed by Dr. HAYES.**The words by THOMAS SPICER, Esq.*

THO' miss Polly you do wear
 Flowing locks and beauties rare,
 Yet you ne'er can reach my heart,
 While you flaunt it up and down,
 Thro' the vain fantastick town,
 So miss Polly we must part.

Idle fops may wear a chain,
 I your frowns too much disdain,
 Since I learn'd your fickle art :
 Flirt and flaunt it as you please,
 I'll not vex, altho' you tease,
 But, miss Polly, we must part !

What was dear, I now disown ;
 What was love, is justly flown ;
 So, no more I'll lay to heart,
 Perjur'd vows, that all must blame ;
 Much too bad e'en now to name.
 Farewel Polly ! thus we part.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

WHY should the friends of young Cupid,
 Pining, whining and sighing,
 Consider each mortal as stupid,
 Who's not for some mistress dying ?
 Since the journey of life's on a road rough tho' wide
 Pray let each man in quiet his hobby-horse ride.
 Our own course regarding, not censuring a brother,
 Or seeking to jostle or cross one another.

Why should we gay sons of Bacchus,
 Laughing, singing, and drinking,
 Tho' dull Care can never attack us,
 Deny there's pleasure in thinking ?

Since the journey, &

The hero delights in a battle,
 Firing, wounding, and killing,
 We had rather hear glasses rattle,
 And wine for blood be spilling,
 Since the journey, &c.

Blaming others is folly,
 Loving, fighting, or mellow.
 For the grave, the valiant, the jolly,
 May each be a worthy fellow.
 Since the journey, &c.

ROSY MORNING.

Composed by Mr. CARTER.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

ERE the lark with eager flight,
 Upward darts to meet the light,
 Ere the waking insects rove,
 Searchful of the plants they love,
 To taste the genial breath of morn,
 And nature's sparkling gems behold,
 Exhaling from the blossom'd thorn,
 And quivering in their cups of gold!
 With my swain I seek the lawns,
 Ere the rosy morning dawns.

Ere, to hail the rising sun,
 Birds or insects have begun;
 Ere, in gen'ral chorus, join
 Bleating flocks, and lowing kine:
 For greater gifts than they can know,
 To reason's sacred source of light,
 Our still earlier song should flow,
 True source of each sublime delight:
 As we gaily trip the lawns,
 Ere the rosy morning dawns.

WILLIAM.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

MY William left his Nancy dear,
And fought the foe he scorned to fear,
From Nancy dear would William go,
The foe he fear'd not, laid him low.
Weep virgins, weep, my William's slain,
Ye ne'er shall see his like again.

Ah ! tell me not, that now no more
War bids her murdering thunder roar ;
My heart partakes not in the news,
For what, alas ! have I to lose ?
Who still must weep my William slain,
Nor e'er can see his like again.

CONTRITION.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

GO perjur'd wretch ! nor hope a tear
Can ever fall for loss of thee ;
Tho' oft it may, to think how dear,
So vile a being was to me.

To think such weakness I possess'd,
Oft will the blush of shame arise ;
And long, the sinner in my breast,
Do penance by continued sighs.

To think, tho' parents kindly strove
To hold the miscreant to my view,
I slighted their experienc'd love,
And bade my heart's best bliss adieu.

For thee, who more than life I lov'd,
 And more than those who gave it too;
 The curse of disobedience prov'd,
 And bade my heart's best bliss adieu.

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

IF the Fates have decreed that a wife I must be,
 Give attention I'll tell you the husband for me,
 And tho' nice in my choice, blame me not my dear
 friends,

Since on that all my bliss for the future depends.
 Till I see the lov'd youth, I contented can rest,
 But will ne'er be a slave to the man I detest.

First, his form must please me, tho' it please me alone,
 And his age, birth, and fortune, be all near my own;
 For disparity oft will occasion reproach,
 While one boasts her youth, and the other his coach.
 Next, his temper, that both may in harmony live,
 Not offended too soon, nor too slow to forgive.

Quite well-bred I would have him, yet not so polite,
 As to put, by grimace, sense and truth both to flight;
 While the teeth, which in smiles are to company shewn,
 Are display'd, gnash'd by rage, to his wife, when a-
 lone.

Let, at least, gracious heaven! the man who is dear
 To my fond, faithful bosom, be kind, and sincere!

No base, double-tongued, tame, pusillanimous slave,
 May he be, nor a soldier, but equally brave:
 He must prove a firm champion in virtue's defence;
 Tho' oft sparing of wit, ne'er deficient in sense.
 Wise enough his own want of perfection to see,
 He will pardon small foibles he must find in me.

When a swain thus endow'd fairly tenders his hand,
 'Twould be weakness, indeed, the fond suit to with-
 stand;

Yet not weaker were that, than an union must prove,
 On a basis less firm, uncemented by love :

Till I see the dear youth, I'm contented to wait ;
 But will ne'er wed in haste, to repent when too late,

THE BILLET-DOUX.

Composed by Mr. SHIELD.

The words by JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

THE billet doux, oh ! didst thou bear
 To my Lorenza ? lovely maid !

I see how look'd the modest fair,

I hear the gentle things she said.

The mantling blood her cheek forsakes,

But quick returns the rosy hue,

With trembling haste the seal she breaks,

And reads my tender billet-doux.

The billet-doux when I receive,

I press it to my throbbing heart ;

Sweet words ! I cry, such joys you give,

Oh ! never, never, thence depart ;

And now, it to my lips is press'd ;

But when the magic name I view,

Again I clasp it to my breast,

My fond, my tender billet-doux !

ANNETTE

ANNETTE.

*Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.**The words by Mr. CHANDLER.*

FROM banks that bound the silver brook,
 Annette the fragrant vi'lets took,
 With these an artless wreath she made,
 And on her snowy breast display'd,
 I'rst the prize from beauty's shrine,
 And hid the sacred theft in mine.

Unconscious, then, that oft a flow'r
 Enshrines within it's leaves a pow'r;
 With fond delight I press'd the wreath,
 That seem'd of more than heaven to breathe:
 Till, in my breast, too late I found,
 Love's arrow had infix'd the wound.

From Jove, Prometheus sily stole
 Th' Etherial torch that lights the soul:
 Why, love, should I, obedient still,
 Feel more than he is doom'd to feel?
 For, worse than vultures at my heart,
 Thy poison burns in ev'ry part.

THE VOICE OF REASON.

*Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.**The words by Mr. MOZEEN.*

TO Reason ye fair ones assert your pretence,
 Nor hearken to language beneath common sense:
 When angels men call you, and homage would pay,
 If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view;
 Ten thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them true;
 Such passion, O heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest victims ye fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound;
 True bliss never yet without goodness was found!
 Leave folly and fashion, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, wisdom and truth.

COLIN TO DELIA.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye?
 The heart whose only crime is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die?
 Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear,
 Thy beauties O divinely bright,
 In one short hour by Delia's side,
 I taste whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life;
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 And sigh'd amid the distant shade.
 What happier shepherd wins thy smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine?
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales,
 And fleecy flocks, are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove
 With wealth I court not Delia's heart—
 A noble bribe I offer—Love!
 Yet shou'd the virgin yield her hand,
 And thoughtless wed for wealth alone;
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless her own.

CHARMING PHILLIS.

Composed by Mr. WEBBE.

The words by JOHN GIFFORD, ESQ.

ON that blest day, my charming Phillis,
 When sacred rites shall make you mine,
 When to reward my love your will is,
 And Cupid crown at Hymen's shrine.

My heart's sole object then possessing,
 A willing slave at beauty's feet;
 I shall enjoy each earthly blessing,
 And find in slav'ry bliss compleat.

When the glad hour, with pleasure teeming,
 Impels the grateful tear to rise;
 The eye with melting rapture beaming,
 The soul claims kindred with the skies.

She, who, youth's vernal bloom neglecting,
 Can slight the joys that nature gives,
 The purest happiness rejecting,
 Mars the great end for which she lives.

Enjoy ye fair, the charms of morning,
 Nor wait the sultry gleam of noon;
 Take by yon drooping flow'ret warning,
 Life's fleeting vision fades too soon.

YES AND NO.

Composed by Mr. WEBBE.

The words by JOHN GIFFORD, Esq.

WHEN by some favour'd youth the fond fair's
first assay'd,
Tho' with tenderest wishes her bosom may glow,
Yet deceit, the first lesson that's taught to a maid,
While her heart answers yes, makes her tongue falter
no.

But her eyes, the sweet heralds of love, speaking truth,
Will disdain the false accents extorted by fear,
As with rapture they melt, the fond rapture of youth!
And her feelings disclose by a generous tear.

Yet the errors beware, of a frivolous age,
When each modern Narcissus in vain seeks to move,
And rejecting the precepts of nature's true page,
'Takes the warmth of disdain for the ardour of love.

Nor expect that the victim of av'rice and pride,
'The soul-thrilling sweets of affection can know,
For when wealth and authority make the sad bride,
'Tho' the tongue must say yes, yet the heart will say
no.

THE ROSE.

A Cantata; Composed by Mr. WEBBE.

The words from Anacreon.

O Listen, listen, while I sing,
The rose the glory of the spring.
To heav'n the rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.

Hail

Hail beauteous flow'r which poets praise,
 And for it would exchange their bays.
 O! ever to the sprightly feast,
 Thou art a welcome, pleasing guest.

Thou lovely smiling rose how sweet
 All objects where thy beauties meet!
 Thou joy of earth when vernal hours,
 Pour forth a waste of blooming flow'rs.

To grace the world the teeming earth
 First gave the fragrant infant birth:
 And this (she cry'd) I this ordain,
 My fav'rite queen of flow'rs to reign.

SANDY AND ALICE.

A favourite New Song, composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The words by Mr. GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

YOUNG Sandy was press'd from his Alice's side,
 As they stray'd to converse in the dale,
 And Sandy was wooing the maid as his bride
 When the gang stopp'd his amorous tale.
 They tore him away tho' she fell on her knee,
 And implor'd them to spare her dear swain,
 For the wretches were deaf to her heart-rending plea,
 And they hurry'd him off to the main.

She stood all alone, a pale statue of grief,
 Till at length the tears burst from her eyes,
 No friend was there near, to afford her relief,
 And the damsel applied to the skies.

The night-cheering moon was absorb'd in a cloud,
 And the winds sudden rose in the north;
 The flocks, on the mountains, too, bleated aloud,
 And the waves roar'd and foam'd in the forth.

At that instant the galley was making its way,
 With the heart-swelling Sandy on board;
 Who spied, at a distance, the ship, where she lay,
 In the mouth of the forth firmly moor'd.
 But the sea with the mountains determin'd to vie,
 For each wave left a valley below;
 Be steady, be steady, good lads! was the cry,
 Or down, down to the bottom we go!

This no sooner was said, than a turbulent wave
 Render'd useless the skill of each oar;
 For they all sunk, at once, in a watery grave!
 All but one, who was washed on the shore:
 'Twas Sandy, for whom the kind fates interfer'd,
 As a token that nought should remove
 The bondage of faith, while it strictly adher'd
 To the dear hallow'd mandates of love.

He fled to his Alice, who mourn'd to despair,
 But when she her Sandy beheld,
 His presence soon vanquish'd her visitor, Care,
 And the vapours of Sorrow dispell'd.
 To the mountains they fled, far away from the main,
 Where no rude assailants engage:
 No ruffian to part the fond lovers again,
 Till old Time shall intrude with old Age.

ROGUES ALL.

*A Favourite New Song, sung by Mr. PRINTER.**Composed by Mr. F. LINLEY.**The words by Mr. HARRISON.*

WHILE pragmatical fools of dull politics prate;
And their bus'ness neglect for the bus'ness of
state;

Let us with more wisdom our own matters mind,
Nor e'er hope to govern the waves or the wind.
The Ins and the Outs who each other abuse,
Believe me, my friends, both have just the same views.
To us what avails then who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues all."

Each air-swoln balloon that mounts up to the skies,
Its gaz soon exhausted, on earth empty lies :
The sun's bright levee draws the bubbles in crowds,
To burst 'midst the conflicts of winds and of clouds ;
And such is their fate who on vanity's wings,
Ambitiously flock to the levees of kings.
Then let us regard not, who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues all."

So round with the bottle, and thankful 'tis here,
Ne'er stop to consider, if cheap or if dear ;
To waste time in idle debate, is but stuff,
While we feel we have got, or can soon get enough :
'Tis this makes true Britons laugh loud, joke, and
sing,
They envy no statesman, and pity a king.
Then let us regard not, who rise or who fall,
Since we may still sing the old song of "rogues all."

CONTENT AND A COT.

*A Favourite New Song, sung by Mr. DARLEY, at
Vauxhall.*

Composed by Mr. HOOK.

The words by Mr. HARRISON.

I Have look'd into life, and with truth I can say,
I find highest bliss lies in lowliest lot :
From my breast drive the dæmon of pride far away,
And give me, kind heaven ! content and a cot.

If fix'd on a plain, or a hillock's green side,
In a valley, a wood, or a dale, matters not,
From oppression, and falsehood, O let me but hide,
And give me, kind heaven ! content and a cot.

May I ne'er expect cloathing, or food, without toil,
Or covet the wealth that's dishonestly got ;
'Tho' man be ungrateful, not so is the soil,
And give me, kind heav'n ! content and a cot.

In the sweat of my brow, make me till my scant ground,
To raise fruits, and herbs, for the dish or the pot,
While my innocent babes, with my lambs frolick round,
And give us, kind heav'n ! content in our cot.

With the wife of my youth, till old age let me live,
And soothe each sad pang, that's the sex's hard lot,
The errors of each, teach us each to forgive,
And grant us, kind heav'n ! content in our cot.

Thus, as life wears away, let us live free from blame,
Our love never cool, nor our anger e'er hot,
May our girls, and our boys, prove precisely the same,
Then grant them, kind heav'n ! content and a cot.

TO SMILING NAN.

*A Favourite Sea Song, sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in
the Entertainment of the GNOME.*

The words by JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

WHAT should sailors do on shore ?

Kiss the girls and toss the can !

When the cannons cease to roar,

Sweet the voice of smiling Nan !

Bring me first a spacious bowl,

Deeper than a plummet sound,

Give me next a gen'rous soul,

That in loving knows no bound.

Flowing ever let it be,

If the tide good liquor prove :

Thus my hearts let's keep the sea,

Sailing with the girl we love.

What should sailors, &c.

Nancy be my true-love's name,

And to compliment my dear,

Bonny ship secure thy fame,

Thou the darling title bear !

To guard and bless my fav'rite realm.

Smiling, thus old Neptune spoke,

I place my William at the helm,

Royal Will is heart of oak.

Whether moor'd or on a cruise,

Sailor still in peace or war,

Poise the linstock, brim the booze,

Sing long live the royal tar.

What should sailors &c.

THE

THE NONPAREIL.

*Composed by Mr. WEBBE.**The words by Mr. HARRISON.*

THROUGH nature I have sought in vain
 Fit emblems of my blooming fair,
 Though flow'rs adorn the vivid plain,
 Gems flame in earth, and suns in air.

The lily has no azure streaks,
 With her still purer skin to vie,
 Too pale the white rose for her cheeks,
 The palest crimson rose too high.

Her eyes, twin orbs of heav'nly light !
 In chaste mild lustre far outshine
 The brightest star that gilds the night,
 The richest gem that cheers the mine !

Too fiery is the ruby's glow,
 To match her lips of scarlet hue :
 To suit her teeth, more white than snow,
 The boasted pearl as much too blue.

E'en might all Nature's beauties join,
 With all the fire Prometheus stole ;
 Still must it want her form divine,
 Her polish'd ease, her gen'rous soul !

THE BREAKFAST.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.**The words by POLLINGROVE ROBINSON, Esq.*

AS Jove when he rises triumphant from night,
 Repairs where his Hebe and Nectar invite,
 So joyous I spring from the gay bed of bliss,
 To Fanny's arch looks, and the tea kettle's hiss.
 Of nectar like this, of this Hebe I boast,
 While she pours the sweet stream she herself is the toast.

The Stoick would feel, and the Hermit would burn,
 Where dishabille Fanny sits over her urn:
 Her youth is as rich as the liquid she sips;
 The sugar's less sweet, than the sweets of her lips.
 Of nectar, &c.

As the milk she infuses, she's fair, and she's kind,
 Yet the leaf that she draws, has less strength than her
 mind:

Sond pleasure the charms of her bosom elates,
 As the fresh moulded cream the soft crumpet inflates.
 Of nectar, &c.

To crown the repast, she conceals not a charm
 Of ringlets disorder'd, of white neck and arm;
 To the urn, while the iron transfuses the fire,
 Bright love, from her eyes, shoots his darts of desire.
 Of nectar, &c.

BALLANDEN'S BRAES.

A Scotch Ballad, Composed by Mr. Hook.

The words by POLLINGROVE ROBINSON, Esq.

IT was high o'er the Murelands, and down by the
 Lynne,

Where the waters rin deep, and the hillocks begin,
 That Bessy the bonny wi heart sad an fair,
 Sat tir'd on a know, an sang loud her despair,
 Fausse fausse the grate town is, and fausse are its ways,
 Like him wha decoy'd me frae Ballanden's braes.
 Sweet Ballanden's braes, sweet Ballanden's braes.

Whan the laird o'the land first cam down to our glen,
 He tell'd me he ne'er saw a fairlie till then:

He

He sleek'd down my hair, and he leugh in my een;
 He sich'd o'er my haund, and he ca'ad me his queen;
 But fausse was his heart, an mair fausse ware his prair;
 For he tuk me awa frae sweet Ballanden's braes.

He was young like mysel, and he sware he wad be
 A faither, and brither, and aw things, to me:
 He sware, gin I loo'd him, he'd mak me sa fine,
 That wi goud an wi siller my tartan shou'd shine;
 But fausse ware his words, an mair fausse ware his
 ways,

Wha tuk me awa frae sweet Ballanden's braes.

I thocht it was sinful, but he luk'd sa kind,
 I thocht it as sinful to tarry behind.
 Sa high o'er the Murelands, and far frae my hame
 He led me, and made me believe it na shame;
 But fausse ware his doings, and fausse ware his way;
 For he tuk me far off frae sweet Ballanden's braes.

But short was his kindness, his gude words and care;
 Whan he saw the grate town than he loo'd me mair;

He tuk to grate ladies, they leugh me to scorn,
 An he wad na help me, but left me to mourn:
 Till, sick wi his sin, and near kill'd by his ways,
 I am come back to dee on sweet Ballanden's braes.

THE TIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

Composed by Mr. WEBBE.

The words by JOHN GIFFORD, Esq.

HOW sweet are the ties which a friend can impose
 The mind to suspicion and envy to close:
 While Sympathy opens her heart soothing source,
 To blunt sorrow's sting, and give pleasure new force

ough soft are the bonds which a lover enchain,
 say, is his bliss unattended by pain?
 The fear of delusion his bosom must know,
 And the stream of his joy, prove the current of woe,

When Hymen's fond slave is oft heard to complain,
 His fondness in love are but airy and vain;
 While friendship's recorded in truth's sacred page,
 The rapture of youth, and the solace of age.

WOMAN PREFERRED TO WINE.

Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.

The words by Mr. CHANDLER.

BE still deceiv'd ; and hold divine
 The ivy-mantled god of wine,
 And in your midnight orgies own,
 That wine exalts the mind alone.

Not grant that I the dew may sip,
 That hatches my Lucy's roseate lip !
 And I'll contentedly resign
 The nectar of the boasted vine.

As each balmy draught I take,
 Still sublimer pleasures wake :
 More refin'd my senses grow,
 More sincere my raptures flow !

For me, while health and spirits move,
 I'll prize thy gifts, celestial Love !
 And ne'er relinquish, while I breathe,
 The myrtle for the ivy wreath.

THE

THE WOOING DAYS.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.**The words by Mr. SMIRKE.*

HAPPY are the days of wooing,
 Ogling, sighing, kissing, cooing,
 Melting hopes and chilling fears,
 Weeping joys and smiling tears !
 Tuneful sorrows, laughing lays,
 Pleasing, teasing,
 Sporting, courting,
 Happy are the wooing days !

When by Hymen's chain united,
 Far away these joys are frighted ;
 Dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,
 Panting, trembling hope, adieu !
 Languid air, and solemn face ;
 Nodding, plodding,
 Prosing, dozing,
 Then succeed the wooing days.

Sprightly lads and lasses, wooing,
 Ere it be too late for rueing,
 Shun the dangers that await
 Hymen's dull and drowsy state :
 And, with fickle, fond delays,
 Pleasing, teasing,
 Sporting, courting,
 Lengthen out the wooing days.

THE LIQUID MIRROR.

*An Anacreontick.**Composed by Mr. M. P. KING.**The words by Mr. CHANDLER.*

STEADY the liquid mirror hold,
 I'll be convinc'd if I am old.
 Within the bowl I view my face
 Adorn'd with every youthful grace.
 Dull Care and Anguish disappear,
 And I can see no wrinkles there ;
 Not so the wat'ry crystal shows
 A lengthen'd face o'erplow'd with woes,
 And wreaths by artful virgins tied,
 In vain my snow-white locks would hide.

The moss-grown oak, may still be seen
 In spring, with buds of liveliest green.
 'Tis spring with me, the mantling bowl
 Darts a warm sunshine thro' my soul.
 My veins in soft vibrations play,
 Confess the god, and own his sway :
 And still I feel a fond desire,
 To tune to love the willing lyre.

THE HEALTH-GIVING CHACE.

*Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.**The words by Mr. HARRISON.*

HARK ! hark ! 'tis the sound of the mellow-ton'd
 horn,
 That thrills so delightfully sweet in my ear :
 E Night's

Night's fairly run down by the sure-footed Morn,
 And the bright beams of Phœbus begin to appear,
 Then arise, brother sportsmen, see Sol's jolly face,
 And his summons obey to the health-giving chace.

The high mettled steeds hear with pleasure the sound,
 Paw the plain with impatience, and snuff the rich
 gale :

While their neighing's return'd by each op'ning hound,
 All eager to fly, up the hill, down the dale.

Then arise, &c.

The dew-drops that lurk on each blade, leaf, or spray,
 Now the morn's piercing eye all their coverts ex-
 plores ;

Are chac'd by the sun's fiery ardour away,
 While their fragrance full streams of salubrity pours,
 Then arise, &c.

The fox, who all night, amidst darkness profound,
 On the sacred retirements of innocence stole ;
 Now dreads retribution in every sound,
 And shrinks to the innermost depths of his hole.

Then arise, &c.

Let us, with calm bosoms, unconscious of wrong,
 All vile miscreants hunt down, who on Innocence
 prey ;

Nor lose sight of Virtue, in sports, or in song,
 That our hearts may rejoice at the close of the day.

Then arise, &c.

HARK

HARK AWAY!

*Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.**The words by ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.*

WHEN the forehead of Phœbus illumines the
east,

And the lark hails the birth of the morn,

I shake off the mantle that's woven by rest,

And obey the rebuke of the horn.

Then the chace, the blithe chace, gives a zest to the
day,

And thought sinks immers'd in the loud hark away!

How mad are mankind, thus to brood over ill,

Whose hearts were for happiness made:

When the hunter's sweet note gives the cue to his will,

And Echo repeats what is said.

Then hither, ye wretched, be blisful, be gay,

And swell the blithe chorus of hark, hark away!

Of old, lovely Dian, with buskin and spear,

Brush'd the glittering dew from the plain:

For the sports of celestials could never compare

With the transports of Dy and her train.

Then who'd give to Morpheus one moment of day,

When the horn glads the senses with hark, hark away!

Tho' Diogenes liv'd as the tyrant of mirth,

To the good of humanity blind;

Had he follow'd the chace, not a doubt of men's worth

Would have enter'd his cynical mind.

For if Care cross our path, not a being will stay,

But drown his vile mandates, with hark, hark away!

VARIETY.

The words and melody by JOHN LUFFMAN.

VARIETY, thou nymph so fair,
 My wish, my joy, my only care,
 With thee there's no satiety !
 And nought like thee can charm thro' life
 The maid, the widow, or the wife,
 Oh ! pleasing sweet Variety !

Sometimes I visit Afric's sands,
 And sometimes Norway's frozen lands,
 Well pleas'd with thee society :
 And I could range the world all o'er
 With thee, dear maid, whom I adore,
 Oh ! pleasing, sweet Variety !

E'en Nature, too, my plan approves,
 Who form'd the Seasons and the Loves
 By rules of strict propriety :
 The Spring, the Summer, dress'd in green,
 The Autumn brown, the Winter keen,
 Oh ! pleasing, sweet Variety !

Sometimes my bottle and my glass,
 Sometimes my pretty fav'rite lass,
 Sometimes, adieu Sobriety !
 Sometimes in joy, sometimes in strife,
 In short, I wish to know thro' life
 The pleasures of Variety.

Sometimes I'm pensive thro' the day,
 Sometimes I laugh my hours away ;
 Sometimes I loath society :
 Sometimes I'm free, sometimes a slave ;
 Nor should I even dread the grave,
 But that there's no Variety.

THE LOVERS RHAPSODY.

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

The words by the late AARON HILL, Esq.

O H! forbear to bid me slight her,
Soul and Senses take her part,
Could my death itself delight her,
Life would leap to leave my heart.
Strong, tho' soft, a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Tho' the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Thro' my ear, my soul surprise!
Deaf, I see the fate I shun,
Blind, I hear, and am undone.

*The preceding thirty-nine Songs are all set to Music,
and published by Messrs. HARRISON and Co. Paternoster Row.*

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Sung by Miss MILNE.

OFT as on Thames's bank I stray,
 Where nymphs and swains appear,
 From all their sports I turn away,
 If William be not there.
 Nymphs then laugh,
 The swains all quaff
 Their cyder, ale, and perry;
 Then a nod and wink,
 While health they drink,
 To William of the ferry

When on the stream the youths contend,
 Their manly skill to shew,
 With rival force the oar they bend,
 And o'er the surface row;
 But none, I'm sure,
 E'er ply the oar,
 Or steer so well the wherry,
 As he who won
 The prize alone,
 Young William of the ferry

Such bliss to me his smiles impart,
 Whene'er he talks of love,
 That now I find my yielding heart,
 Does all his hopes approve;
 So Hymen's bands
 Shall join our hands,
 Then I'll be blithe and merry,
 And sing thro' life,
 The happy wife
 To William of the ferry

CHELSEA

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

Sung at Vauxhall.

COME, hear an old campaigner's song,
 A British foldier's story;
 Who oft has train'd the martial throng,
 To noble deeds of glory.
 But let not boasting swell my praise,
 Who's fac'd hot balls and mortars,
 In hopes to spend my latter days
 In peace, in Chelsea quarters.

On swampy grounds and burning lands,
 In march and counter marches;
 I've met in fight the hostile bands,
 And sunk beneath my gashes;
 Yet innate valour chear'd my heart,
 'Tis fear the coward slaughters,
 And he that takes a foldier's part,
 Secur'd me Chelsea quarters.

To say what foes my arm has slain,
 Would dastard be a venture:
 My duty ne'er regarded pain,
 In van, or rear, or center:
 Full oft I've drench'd my sword in blood,
 And forded many waters,
 In hopes, when war should cease her flood,
 To fix in Chelsea quarters.

And heaven blefs his majesty,
 Who leaves a vet'ran—never:
 Grown old and hack'd up, as you see,
 He's pension'd me for ever;
 My tent is fix'd at last for life,
 And safe from mines and mortars,
 Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife,
 I'll ne'er quit Chelsea quarters.

A NEW SONG

O Mary ! O too charming maid !
 Oft have I fought thy heart to move ;
 Yet still my tongue its trust betray'd,
 I sigh'd, but durst not tell my love.

Canst thou not read the tearful eye,
 Where laughing joy was wont to dwell ?
 Canst thou not guess this heaving sigh,
 Bursts from a heart that loves too well ?

Yet hopeless as my sighs may be,
 Think not I wish a mean release ;
 Nor would I, if I could be free,
 Or quit my love, or purchase peace.

THE DYING NEGRO.

(Tune, the son of Alknomouk.)

O'ER my toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors are
 shed,
 And the dark mists of death on my eye-lids are spread,
 Before my last sufferings, how gladly I bend,
 For the strong arm of death is the arm of a friend.

Against the hot breezes hard struggles my breast,
 Slow, slow beats my heart, and I hasten to rest,
 No longer shall anguish my faint bosom rend,
 For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

No more shall I sink in the deep scorching air,
 No more shall sharp hunger my weak body tear,
 No more on my limbs shall keen lashes descend,
 For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

Ye ruffians! who tore me from all I held dear,
 Who mock'd at my wailing, and smil'd at my tear;
 Now, now shall I scape—every torture shall end,
 For the strong arm of Death, is the arm of a friend.

The most Favourite SONGS in
 J U S T I N T I M E.

Performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden.

Melville—Mr. INCLEDON.

HOW poor are words, how vain is art,
 Augusta's charms to trace!
 Her speaking eye, her feeling heart—
 Such symmetry and grace!
 Her mind more pure than virgin snows
 That on the mountain rest:
 Pure as the lambent flame, which glows
 Within this faithful breast.

Slave—Mr. MUNDEN.

THE merry man,
 Who loves his can,
 Laughs and jokes,
 Chats and smokes,
 Nor dreams of noise and state:
 Enjoys the hour,
 That's in his pow'r,
 Tells a tale,
 Quaffs his ale,
 Nor fears the frowns of fate.

Slave

Stave—Mr. MUNDEN.

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find,
 'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind:
 From the high to the low,
 Is it not so?
 Say, aye or no.

You doubt it; I'll give you a striking example,
 Then judge of the others by this single sample,
 And the truth you'll soon know,
 Shall I do so?
 Say, aye or no.

Sage Physic and Law, don't we ev'ry day see
 Will advise and prescribe—but first pocket the fee?
 With pleasure I trow,
 Is it not so?
 Your aye or no.

So in humbler degrees too, my maxim will hold,
 Where the main spring's self-interest—the object is
 gold:
 This we all of us know,
 Is it not so?
 Say, aye or no.

O'Liffey—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

WHEN the lads and the lasses are met on the
 green,
 At sweet Balinacloe, or the fair of Clogheen:
 With their cheeks red as roses, and eyes black as sloes,
 See the girls frisk and foot it as merry as does.

All the day,
 Piper play,
 Cries Gossoon,
 T'other tune,

While young Darby and Judy are footing so tight,
 The poor piper keeps puffing from morning till night.

Judy's bonnet of straw wears the token of love,
 Which Paddy had bought her, his passion to prove ;
 Fine ribbands and roses, to deck out her hair,
 And the neatest stuff gown to be had in the fair.

Sweet spoleen,
 On the green,
 When they dine,
 Whiskey fine ;

The piper still playing, the priest he says grace,
 And content, love, and jollity, smile in each face.

Now the fair being done, home they jog side by side,
 Every lad with the creature he means for his bride ;
 The next morn father Fogarty call'd with his book,
 Nine or ten jolly couples together to hook.

Coupling, buckling,
 Prancing, fidling,

Father Fogarty, piper, and all join the route,
 And the new married couples fall jigging about.

Maria—Mrs. BLANCHARD.

THY freedom lost, no more, sweet bird,
 In plaintive music rue ;
 Or, ah ! the wretch, who thee betray'd,
 Ensnar'd thy mistress too !

Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
 The baneful serpent lies ;
 And while the nymph its beauty views,
 She feels the sting and dies.

Sir Solomon Oddly—Mr. QUICK.

THE heroes stout, who dangers scorn,
May boast their arms and tented field,
Let noisy Fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield.

Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,

Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long ;
Yet all their feats had slept in peace,
But for old father Homer's song.

Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,

Give more pleasure sure than fighting.

Augusta—Miss DALL.

BEHOLD, deny'd their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage,
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Those notes are chang'd to strains of rage
And should perchance, in happy hour,
Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
And gladly part to meet no more !

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
In jocund spring he joins his mate :
Gaily they range from tree to tree,
Their little breasts with joy elate.
And if some ruder breeze should blow,
Or chilling rain disturb their rest ;
Fondly they share each others woe,
As destin'd partners of one nest.

Judith—Mrs. MARTYR.

WHEN first you won my virgin heart,
 'The time I well remember,
 'Twas in the frost, on dreary heath,
 The fifteenth of December.
 The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
 The wind blew hard and chilling :
 You shiv'ring cried, " Ah ! here she comes,
 " Zooks ! wou'd the maid were willing."

Love smil'd, and as we sliding met,
 Resolv'd to see us humbled,
 Your arm encircled round my waist,
 I slipp'd, and down we tumbled.
 Whilst thus together we reclin'd
 On winter's hoary pillow,
 You swore you glow'd with love so true,
 I ne'er should wear the willow.

Melville—Mr. INCLEDON.

THE mind oppress'd, by sleep may hope
 To soothe corroding grief,
 What hope, alas ! if wayward love
 Denies its kind relief ?
 Rise then, my fair, thy slumbers cease,
 And bless thy faithful swain ;
 Whose bosom only beats for thee,
 Thy absence all his pain.
 The mimic death, oh ! quick forsake,
 Awake, my love—my love, awake !

F

Melville

Melville—Mr. INCLEDON.

FELL war, the spear and tented field,
No longer now my bosom burn;
To love triumphant I must yield,
And rage to softer passions turn.

Doctor Camomile—Mr. FAWCETT.

LOVE's fev'rish fit
Shall intermit,
If ought my art avail;
By searching pill,
I'll try my skill:
Should that prescription fail,
All my skill can invent,
This pair to torment,
Emetic, cathartic, and lotion,
Dilute, starve, and feed,
Cup, plaster, and bleed,
Couch, scarify, gargle, and potion:
Next a bolus of bitters, these lovers must swallow,
And a sharp biting blister shall instantly follow.

Maria—MIS. BLANCHARD.

THE ship-wreck'd tar, on billows toss'd,
Lash'd to some plank, and sighing;
The land in view he hop'd to gain,
Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying,
Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
Thus chang'd my hapless doom;
Should Fortune save him from despair,
And waft the wand'rer home.

Commed

Commedore Larboard—Mr. WILSON.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,
 While the glass circled round with full glee,
 King and Country to give, my old friend never fail'd,
 And the toast was soon tols'd off by me.

Billows might dash,
 Light'ning might flash,
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but pass,
 We resolv'd both to live and die free,
 Quick we number'd her guns, and for each took a
 glass,

Then a broadside we gave her with three.
 Cannon might roar,
 Echo'd from shore,
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

O'Liffey—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

IN freedom I'd live, though your slave I may be,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane.
 O then to your arms, my sweet creature take me,
 Who'll not lie while I'm telling the truth, d'ye see,
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

And if, while you love, from a breast full of hate
 Sing farinina, sing farinane,
 You make me a widow in spite of old fate,
 When dead you shall never again see me, mate,
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Then whilst we stand still, let us pleasure pursue,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane,
 I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,
 For the sight that is black always makes me look blue,
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
 Sing farinina, sing farinane,
 The rest I'd forsake, and to you would be true;
 Then your Irishman love, ogh I see that you do,
 With my chic a che ourilow la lara la lara la le.

Augusta—Miss DALL.

FANCY paints the flattering scene,
 And courage animates her mien;
 On hope's smooth pinions see her rise,
 She leaves the earth to soar in skies!
 'Tis love's delusion fans her wings,
 And while she soars, she chearful sings!

The most Favourite SONGS in the

P I R A T E S.

As performing at the King's Theatre in the Hay-market.

Genariello—Mr. DIGNUM.

O F a vile lack of honesty grumblers complain,
 And that no social virtues we boast;
 Still the best of these virtues (the charge I disdain)
 Will be found all combin'd in your host.
 His heart, like his bottle, is open to all,
 Both friendship and wine come at—"Sir, do ye call?"

If his guests love good living, the better lives he,
 On society thus he depends:
 'Tis his interest to forward good humour and glee,
 All the world he desires for his friends.
 His heart, like his bottle, is open to all,
 Both friendship and wine come at—"Sir, do ye call?"

Fabulina—SIGNORA STORACE.

LOVERS, who listen to Reason's persuasion,
 Praise for the novelty surely may claim,
 And barbarous Fate, they'll find no occasion
 To charge with the faults for which Folly's to blame.

Chorus of Vintagers.

TO the vineyard's praise, the chorus raise,
 And in nimble dance entwine;
 For many a song, and many a dance,
 We owe to the juice of the vine;
 Tho' the weight of the clusters our toils enhance,
 At the labour say who would repine;
 For this burden of glee
 We the lighter shall be,
 As the more we shall have of good wine.

Altador—MR. KELLY.

SOME device, my aim to cover,
 Deign kind Fortune to suggest;
 Shall I boldly own I love her?
 No!—my first design is surely best.

Yet I a wily foe engage ;
 Caution is the shield of age.
 Hence, vain fears, my heart disgracing !
 Love, on thee assurance placing.
 From thy glorious cause ne'er swerving,
 Thou shalt every doubt repress ;
 Fortune's smiles the bold deserving,
 Confidence ensure success.

Blazio—MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

OH! the pretty creature !
 When next I chance to meet her;
 No more for an ass
 Shall *Blazio* pass,
 But gallantly will I treat her—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature !
 But then her wicked charming eyes,
 Where'er they roll flash such surprise,
 I, like an awkward silly clown,
 When she looks up, must needs look down—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature !

I'll boldly dare her fearful charms,
 March up and clasp her in my arms ;
 Despair gives courage oft to men,
 And shou'd she smile, why then—why then—
 Oh! the pretty, pretty creature.

Aurora—Mrs. GADUCH.

LOVE, like the opening flow'r,
That courts the morning dew,
Gave promise every hour
To bring new charms to view.

But see the fatal storm
Of tyrant power arise !
Blighted its beauteous form,
The hapless flow'ret dies.

Guillermo—Mr. SEDGWICK.

THERE, the moon-silver'd waters roam,
And wanton o'er the unsteady sand,
Spangling with their starry foam
The tow'ring clift that guards the land.

There, the screaming sea-bird flits,
Dips in the wave his dusky form ;
Or on the rocking turret sits,
Th' exulting dæmon of the storm.

There, as village legends tell,
Many a shipwreck'd sea-man's ghost
Listens to the distant knell,
When midnight glooms the fatal coast.

Blazio

Blazio—Mr. BANNISTER, Jun,

OH dear! what shall I do?
What line pursue?

My spirits in a flutter,
Won't let me bounce and bluster,

Else wou'd I try

Perchance if he,

As well as I,

A coward may be.

[*Afide*]

Racks and tortures I despise,

My honour 'tis alone I prize.

Thou beating heart lie still I say,

Oh! if I could but run away!

[*Afide.*]

Hark! hark! what do they mutter?

Dreadful murmurs do they utter?

I'm in such a taking, quiv'ring, quaking,

Every limb with terror shaking:

Egad! they're off—I'll not delay,

Now's the time to run away.

MOUNT YOUR COURSERS, AND FOLLOW THE SPORT.

*A favourite Hunting Song, sung by Miss WILLIAMS,
with universal Applause, at the Apollo Gardens.*

Set to Music by B. J. RICHARDSON.

AS health, rosy health, from chearfulness flows,
And sloth draws old age on apace;
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,
By chearfully joining the chace.

To the woods then let's haste, Diana invites,
 And thus does the goddess report,
 If you wish to gain health, with much joy and delight,
 Mount your coursers, and follow the sport.

For Nature, gay Nature, imparts in the chase
 Those charms which but hunters enjoy :
 There we see a strong picture of life's eager race
 In a pastime that never can cloy.

To the woods, &c.

Then at night, when the chase has bestow'd all its
 charms,

And they're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl ;
 To repose we retire, in beauty's fond arms,
 Where transports envelope the soul.

To the woods, &c.

THE CARSE OF GOWRIE.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss MILNE, at
 Vauxhall.*

Composed by Mr. Hook.

The words by Mr. VINT.

NA shepherd on the daisied plain,
 Like Johnny e'er can please me ;
 For how could they my favour gain
 Whose offers did but tease me ?
 The shepherd dearly doats on me,
 Full well I can discover ;
 And praise the place wi tuneful glee,
 That gave me sic a lover.

Of aw the vallies, north of Tweed,
 That are sa green and flow'ry,
 There's nane of them can e'er exceed
 The bonny carse of Gowrie.

Ye lasses all, sa blithe and bra,
 As round the vale your roving,
 Can ye e'er see a lad sa gay,
 A lad sa well worth loving?
 Ah! me! I'm sure you'll answer, no!
 For none you'll meet like Johnny;
 Na lad to be compar'd, I trow,
 He is sa blithe and bonny.

Of aw the vallies, &c

Young Johnny is sa kind a swain,
 I ever must adore him;
 Na shepherd on the sylvan plain
 Can ever come before him:
 Reclining on yon downy brae,
 He pipes sa sweet and charming,
 I'm quite enchanted aw the day,
 While Love, my heart is warming.

Of aw the vallies, &c

RAT A TAT.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. FREEMAN, at the
Spa-Gardens, Bermondsey.*

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

The words by Mr. OAKMAN.

AS blithe as the May,
I sport thro' the day,
Each pleasure I wish to come at;
Am always at ease,
For I go where I please,
And visit with rat-a-tat tat.

I will never, thro' life,
Attend unto strife,
To wrangle, to scold, and all that;
Yet with frolic and fun,
I will readily run,
And visit with rat-a-tat tat.

To the ball, to the route,
Here and there, in and out,
My spirits shall never be flat;
As Fancy inspires
New wishes, desires,
I'll visit with rat-a-tat tat.

While life's in its spring,
And time's on the wing,
Each transport I'll try to come at:
To the op'ra or play
I'll whisk it away,
And visit with rat-a-tat-tat.

THE

THE SEA-WORN TAR.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

Composed by Mr. HOOK.

THE sea-worn tar, who, in the war
No danger e'er cou'd move,
True to his gun, all hazards run,
Yet thought upon his love ;
But home again, forgets his pain,
And seeks his faithful lass,
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

The ship safe moor'd, with gold well stor'd,
All dangers now are o'er :
His timbers tight, his rigging light,
He scuds along the shore
To seek the place, where every grace
Adorns his charming lass ;
Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

In war renown'd, with honour crown'd,
He laughs and sings away,
Of fore and aft, above, abaft,
He talks from night to day ;
Of red-hot balls, and batter'd walls,
To entertain his lass ;
Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,
And fills the sparkling glass.

THE JOLLY HORN.

*A favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. BURTON
at the Spa-Gardens, Bermondsey.*

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

AWAY, we've crown'd the day,
The hounds are waiting for their prey :
The huntsman's call invites you all,
Come in, boys, while you may.
The jolly horn, the rosy morn,
With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds ;
These, my boys, are heav'nly joys,
A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.
The horn shall be the husband's fee,
And let him take it not in scorn ;
The brave and sage, in every age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the horn.

Away, make no delay,

The night shall crown the sports of day,
The circling glass around shall pass,
Be jovial while you may :

The chearful song shall mirth prolong,
And mirth and joy shall know no bounds ;

Nimrod of old, as we are told,

first urg'd the chace with horn and hounds.

The horn shall be, &c.

G

THE

THE POOR RECRUIT.

*A Celebrated Song, sung by Mr. DIGNUM, with universal
applause, at the Anacreontic Society.*

*The words by Mr. SAVILLE CAREY, the ac-
companiments by Mr. FLORIO, Jun.*

The melody composed by Mr. DIGNUM.

AS I've plodded my way to some far country
town,

Full many a wearisome day,
My purse has contain'd but a scanty half-crown,
And that has soon melted away.

Oft' tir'd and sad, on some wintry road,
With rain I've been wet to the skin ;
Of my knapsack grown tir'd, I've sought for abode
At some friendly good ale-house or inn.

I've hop'd that good Fortune, in turning her wheel
Would cast me, perchance, on the place
Where the wound of my bosom would instantly heal
At the sight of my Sally's dear face.

She grieves, for she knows how I'm destin'd to roam
On the strength of my furlow to rest ;
And then she oft' wishes her Allen at home,
To bury his cares in her breast.

COME WHO'LL BUY PRIMROSES :

*Sung by Mrs. BLAND, in the SULTAN, at the
Theatre-Royal, Haymarket.*

Composed by JOHN MOULDS.

COME, buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell,
Through London's fam'd city am known might-
ty well ;

Tho' my heart is quite sunk, yet I constantly cry,
Come, who'll buy primroses ? come, who'll buy prim-
roses ?

Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

Friends and parents I've none, I am look'd on with scorn,
No better for me that I ne'er had been born ;
Here I sue for protection, while plaintive I cry,
Come, who'll buy primroses ? come who'll buy prim-
roses ?

Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

My companions despise me, and say I am proud,
Because I avoid them and keep from their crowd ;
For wicked temptations I ever will fly,
Live by primroses, come, who'll buy primroses ?

Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

Pity to Virtue were ever allied,
The tear of compassion yet ne'er was denied ;
O how pity poor Mary, who plaintive doth cry,
Come, who'll buy primroses ? come, who'll buy prim-
roses ?

Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

WHEN DUTY CALL'D I SAIL'D AWAY.

*A Favourite Song, sung by Mr. BURTON, at the
Spa-Garden, Bermondsey.*

Composed by Mr. BATTISHILL.

WHEN duty call'd I sail'd away,
Still to my king and country true;
And nothing could my heart dismay,
But parting from my charming Sue.
With grief her tender heart was press'd,
And scarcely could I bid adieu;
Her sorrows fill'd my constant heart,
For dear I love my charming Sue.

I kiss'd away the falling tear,
And vow'd I ever would be true;
Then bid her hope, and banish fear,
To pacify my charming Sue.
She sigh'd, and wept, and sigh'd again,
But I was forc'd to bid adieu;
Yet, while I sail'd upon the main,
I thought upon my charming Sue.

The whistling winds began to blow,
And dreadful rocks appear'd in view;
Now up aloft, now down below,
Yet still I thought on charming Sue.
For three long years, upon the main,
Each toil and danger I went through;
At length, quite fresh, return'd again,
I came, and found my charming Sue.

Constant my lovely girl I found,
To me she faithful was, and true;

And having sail'd the world around,
 I'm safe in port, with charming Sue:
 Well rigg'd, to church we tript away,
 Surrounded by the jolly crew:
 And I am bound to bleſs the day
 I ſaw my lovely charming Sue.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

Written by Mr. CROSS.

Compoſed and ſung by Mr. GRAY.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life,
 Friends and traffic fulfill'd each deſire;
 As true and as good as ſhe's fair was my wife,
 And my babes liſp'd the joy of their fire.
 And my babes, &c.

At miſfortune, dire ſpectre! my hopes did depreſs,
 And villainy injur'd my fame;
 My credit, once great, ev'ry moment grew leſs,
 And friendship I found but a name.

The hard-hearted creditor view'd my diſtreſs,
 His ſoul was ne'er form'd to relieve;
 He plung'd me, alas! in a priſon's reſceſs,
 Depriv'd of all ſenſe but to grieve.

No friend took the pains my dark manſion to ſeek,
 My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear:
 My children—but why of their woes ſhould I ſpeak—
 It drives me, alas! to deſpair.

Sharp miſery ſtings, famine hovers around,
 The life-fprings of comfort are dry:
 No relief for ſo woe-worn a wretch can be found,
 But to hide his deſpair and—to die!

I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish lad,
So blithe, so tight, so merry,
And when in scarlet beaver clad,
The pride of Londonderry.
Then Teddy shun the war for me,
Ah! Norah, be but steady;
But, arrah now, it cannot be,
I've lost my heart to Teddy.
Oh! I've lost my heart to Teddy.

When first we met, 'twou'd make you laugh,
We look'd so at each other;
But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
My heart was in a pothor.
Ted seiz'd my hand, and stole a kiss,
Indeed, said I, already!
Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
I'd lost my heart to Teddy.
Oh! I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

Whene'er the creature meets me now,
'Tis, Love when shall we marry?
I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
And that is not to tarry.
Oh! 'tis so sweet to tie the knot,
And Hymen's always ready;
A husband is—what is he not?
I've lost my heart to Teddy.
Oh! I've lost my heart to Teddy.

SWEET

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Sung by Master SHEPHERD, at Vauxhall.

O’ER barren hills and flow’ry dales,
 O’er seas and distant shores ;
 With merry song and jocund tales,
 I’ve pass’d some pleasant hours.
 Tho’ wand’ring thus, I ne’er could find
 A girl like blithesome Sally,
 Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistling o’er the harrow’d turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I chose a Soldier’s life to wed,
 So social gay and free.
 Ettho’ the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

Now now return’d, (of late discharg’d)
 To use my native toil,
 From fighting in my country’s cause,
 To plough my country’s soil :
 I care not which, with either pleas’d,
 So I possess my Sally,
 That little merry nymph that cries
 Sweet lilies of the valley.

OUTWARD

OUTWARD BOUND.

The words by Mr. UPTON.

TO old St. Kath'rine's now adieu,
 Likewise to Peggy, Kate, and Sue,
 And Poll of Wapping Sound ;
 Our anchor's weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
 And now to plough the wat'ry world,
 Yo, yea ! we're cutward bound.
 Our anchor's weigh'd, &c.

The gale blows fresh, the wind nor-east,
 Six knots an hour we scud at least,
 Huzza's ! the shores resound ;
 Our thund'ring guns again reply,
 And salutations rend the sky,
 Yo yea ! we're outward bound.

Mayhap, ere far we chance to go,
 Some rich galloon we'll take in tow,
 And such are to be found ;
 Why, then each man will touch the chink,
 And, damme, lads, like fishes drink,
 Yo yea ! we're outward bound.

And should we touch at Malabar,
 Or veer to foreign parts afar,
 We ne'er shall lack a pound ;
 Our purser will our wants supply,
 And while we've grog we ne'er shall die,
 Yo yea ! we're outward bound.

Old England we shall see agen,
 Ne'er fear my hearts, and sailors, then
 The girls will flock around ;
 And we, like tars, their charms will clench,
 And freely board each smiling wench,
 Yo yea ! when homeward bound.

SWEET LOVELY ROSE OF BURFORD &c.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

MY Rose is sure the sweetest lass
That ever danc'd on mead or green,
In native charms she does surpass
The goddess fair, fly'd Beauty's queen.
The swains for many a hamlet round,
Make her the subject of their tale,
And ev'ry lute that's heard to sound,
Breathes lovely Rose of Burford dale.

Sure from that flow'r she takes her name,
That far surpasses all the rest :
In fragrance, too, her breath's the same,
But, oh ! what sweets compose her breast !
No flower was ever yet so fair,
That sportive kiss'd the wanton gale,
Sure, every charm is center'd there,
Sweet lovely Rose of Burford dale !

Let me this flow'r place near my heart,
I've lov'd it long, nor aught beside,
There it shall lie, secure from art,
And o'er each secret with preside,
I'll make its care my chief delight,
And morn and eve kind fortune hail,
If thou'lt, my fair, with me unite,
Sweet lovely Rose of Burford dale !

SEE

SEE RUDDY AURORA.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD, at Vauxhall.

SEE ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
 And chases from hence the dull night,
 The huntsmen are up and the hounds 'gin to chear,
 Ye gods what a glorious sight !

Voicks.

Jowler and Sweetlips, hark forward away !
 Tantara we'll hail the sweet morn,
 To join in such pastimes no longer delay,
 But follow the sound of the horn.

The fox is unearh'd, and the chase is begun,
 Pursuing is each hound and steed,
 He doubles, and tries by his cunning to shun
 His fate, and now skims o'er the mead.
 There closely pursued, by the river he aims
 To escape to the other side lawn,
 But, alas ! he's o'erta'en, and the huntsman proclaims
 His death, by the sound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and sweet-scented beans,
 Who delight in the noise of the town,
 Hunt fashion and folly and such foolish shews,
 In pursuit of which oft they are thrown ;
 Like them, where such stupid dull pastime abounds,
 So idly to waste time we scorn,
 But pursue rosy health, while with horses and hounds
 We follow the sound of the horn.

THE

THE WINTER OF AGE.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

DEAR Clora, let's love, while in soft wanton gales
 Blythe zephyrs disport upon Tweed's limpid
 stream,

Devoid of all guile, to repeat our fond tales,
 For pleasing is converse when love is the theme.
 O think, my fair maid, that in life's budding spring,
 In love 'tis the duty of all to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield,
 Gay Flora spread carpets of roses around,
 Or Ceres benign, o'er the yellow dy'd field
 Make autumn's rich harvest diffusive abound;
 But these nought avail if in life's budding spring,
 In tender affection we fail to engage,
 That thence blooming summer may happiness bring,
 To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin, where rosy fac'd health
 Convenes ev'ry morning her sylvan levee,
 I envy not pomp, nor the splendor of wealth,
 Content, my dear Clora, possessing but thee:
 Let love then, my charmer, in life's budding spring,
 Our fondest regard to each other engage,
 That like the kind ivy and oak we may cling,
 From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

THE

THE POOR BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

*Written by Mr. CROSS.**Composed and sung by Mr. GRAY.*

- N**EAR the jaws of a prison, in whose dismal gloom
 Disease sat by Penury's side,
 And the culprit with terror broods over his doom,
 A child of distress sadly sigh'd:
 Down his wan cheek slowly trickled the tear,
 Bereft was his bosom of joy,
 ' And, alas! I am driven almost to despair,'
 Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.
- ' My father, whose labour provided each meal,
 ' And to poverty oft gave relief,
 ' In these walls is confin'd, by hearts harder than steel,
 ' And my mother's been murder'd by grief:
 ' The infant companions, who oft were my guides,
 ' No longer their friendship employ,
 ' And the misery—light hearted pleasure derides—
 ' Of the poor little blind beggar boy.
- ' The debt which, alas! a false friend made him owe,
 ' Robb'd my parent of liberty's sweets;
 ' Each moment he breathes is imbitter'd with woe,
 ' And nought but misfortune he meets:
 ' Each slender refreshment's from Charity's store,
 ' Or famine his span would destroy,
 ' And, alas! that kind hand which reliev'd, is no more,
 Cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

Thus mournful he pleaded, when, sudden as thought,
 This tale near depriv'd him of breath,
 That his father was gone, and his spirit had sought
 For peace in the bosom of death:
 He rush'd (for affection each sense did inspire)
 To his cell, every means to employ
 To revive him, then clasping the corps of his fire,
 Died the poor little blind beggar boy.

Sung by Mrs. Clendillon, in the Entertainment of

HARTFORD-BRIDGE.

A MIDST the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
I will not forget my true object of love !

At parting, the fondest concern did he utter :

I left him!—but yet this heart never shall rove !

O no—this heart never shall rove !

He bade me farewell! and my fancy repeated

His tender expressions for many a day :

And I think, were I now, unperceiv'd, near him seated,

From his lips I should still hear the soft homage stray!

DUET. *Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Clendillon,*

in Ditto.

Mr. Incledon.

ONE, one short moment I embrace,

To Love, an hallow'd vow to pay ;

Yet others viewing that bright face,

Like me may kneel, may dare to pray.

Both.

He. O Deity of this fond breast,

Is thus some favour'd rival blest ?

She. O no—reject each jealous fear ;

Alas—no rival harbours here.

Mrs. Clendillon.

No—no—Tho' at the Idol's throne,
A thousand in devotion bend,
Acceptable from One—alone,
The sacred offering can ascend !

Both.

He. But we must part ! dear girl, adieu !
Oh, that sweet glance once more renew !
She. The tear too starts ! the sigh will swell ;
Once more, my love—once more farewell !

Sung by Mr. Munden, in Ditto.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd, rare objects to discover ;
Seen pretty women in such legions,
I thought myself return'd to Dover !
Brisk music made me gay,
And lively all the way ;
For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him—who loves the *hey down derry* !

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded :
And many a night, with the guitar,
Beneath the lattice-grate paraded :
Now tinkle, tinkle ; then jar, jar.
'Twas music made me gay—&c. &c. &c.

The fair of Italy to capture,
A different style the men invent-o :
To her the Canzonet gives rapture,
“ Nel cor piu non mi sento.”

Such music has its day——

But is not in my way——

Yet no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him who loves the *hey down derry*.

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter——

And view me o'er with looks of pleasure ;
Their Cymbals sounded *clitter clatter*——

And they trip in sprightly measure.

Sweet music made me gay——

And joyous all the way, ——

For no tune's dull, that once was merry,
With him who loves the *hey down derry*.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in Ditto.

O ! With my dearest Clara blest ——

This moon-light heath I'd fondly rove !

And, evermore, the path she prest,

Should be review'd with grateful love !

The sweetest virtues store her mind,

To please, to animate, to warm ;

Truth, Pity, Tenderneſs refin'd,

Her beauty forms her humbleſt charm.

Yet angels, viſiting this ſphere,

To prove they were of heav'nly race,

And make the wond'ring world revere,

Wou'd wear the likenefs of her face !

Spoken.

Officers. HO!—"Who goes there?"—
"A friend."

G L E E.

Ere you "*Poss*" you shall aid us to drink down the *Moon*;
Since in *Water* alone she is known to delight:
And we'll drink up the *Sun*;—for the *Grape* is his boon,
Which he ripens by day to inspire us at night.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Ditto.

GIRLS shy appear,
When men first leer;
And steal aside,
As if to *hide*!—
But daring grown,
As things get known,
'They giggle, simper,
Niggle and whimper;
And try to lure, where-ever they go,
The 'Squire, the Jockey, the Rake, the Beau;
The young, and the old-ones,
The timid, and bold ones;
Yea, with the grave Parson,
'They carry the farce on—
And all are snar'd in a row.
Of Balls the pride,
Thus Miss I've ey'd,
The minuet pace,
With *blushing* face.
But, ere the night

Had taken flight,
I've seen her ramping,
Tearing—tramping !

Along the room in a Country-Dance :
Now figuring in with bold advance ;
Here *setting* and leering,
There *crossing* and fleering :
And when that's completed,
Before she'll be seated,
A mad Scotch-Reel she must prance !

Sung by Mrs. Harlowe, in Ditto.

ONE night, while round the fire we sat,
And talk'd of ghosts, and such like chat,
A stranger who had lost his road——
Till day should break—implor'd abode :
Pack-Horses—'twas his lot to guide along——
Whole Bells the Trav'ler cheer with ding, ding, dong !
Against distress—tho' we were poor——
My father never shut his door.——
I know not how—but from that day——
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay——
I felt within my beating breast a tingling——
Whene'er the lively Pack-Horse Bells went jingling !

When first he wandered to our nook,
His course, it seems, he had mistook ;
Now, 'twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us—he's astray ;
And, in his song, my name I hear him ming'
Each time his passing Pack-Horse Bells go

Sung by Mrs, Clendillon, in Ditto.

TH^{O'} by the tempest, the bark rudely driven,
 On the rock strikes, and asunder is riven !
 Still the magnet, ingulf'd in the main,
 Its virtues unalter'd retain.
 So the passion here possesst ;
 Ne'er can perish ;
 But its greetings,
 And fond beatings,
 Will I cherish,
 'Midst the storms that rend this breast !

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in Ditto.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,—
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd ;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
 “ *By the Deep—Nine !* ”

And bearing up,—to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view ;
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon to the vessel true :
 While oft the lead the seaman slung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
 “ *By the Mark—Seven !* ”

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,—
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof !
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful *Pilot* sung,
 “ *Quarter-les—Five!* ”

FINALE and CHORUS.

THE hour, with disaster and sorrow o'ercast.
 Not a minute beyond its fix'd limit can last ;
 Then why waste a second in steril regret,
 And in counting o'er troubles we ought to forget ?
 Brisk wine, and the mirth-pointed jeer,
 The sonnet, and Beauty's soft leer,
 Shall cheer up the flight of Old Time,
 And restore him again to his prime.

Chorus. Shall cheer up, &c.

Let the Virgin and Youth, in the festive dance rove,
 And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of Love ;
 And when old-age approaches, give proof while they
 sing,
 That the last month in winter, is nearest to spring :
 With the pipe of the pastoral swain,
 Be united the fife's shriller strain ;
 And may peace in our isle fix her throne,
 And no more by her pinions be known !

Chorus. And may peace, &c.

C H O R U S.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Martyr
in A DAY IN TURKEY.

HARK! sound the trumpet, breathe the flute,
 And touch the soft melodious lute:
 To heav'n let ev'ry grateful sound ascend,
 Thanks for our prince restor'd,
 Our lover, and our friend.
 Victorious hero! blooming sage!
 The scourge and glory of our age!
 Let roseate pleasures round thy footsteps twine,
 And lead thee on to joy,
 And bless thy valiant line!
 Vain breathes the trumpet and the flute,
 And lost the soft melodious lute,
 When, Ibrahim! thy praise they would display.
 Sunk in the lofty theme,
 As twilight yields to day!

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in Ditto.

AH! teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
 And harmonize thy rugged mind,
 Ah! teach thy lid soft pity's tear,
 That gem of sentiment refined.
 Could'st thou once know the tender bliss
 The sympathizing bosom knows,
 When at meek sorrows sacred touch,
 Responsive sadness round it flows——

No more thy brow would wear that frown,
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart,
 But joys would glitter in thy eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mr. Munden, in Ditto.

DEUCE take whining,
 Pouting, pining,
 What jokes in all this pother ;
 If one wont do,
 Nor let me woo,
 I'd fit me with another,
 If blue eyes frown,
 I'd turn to brown,
 Nor lose an hour in sighing,
 Should all the sex
 Combine to vex.
 They'd never see me dying.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Esten, in Ditto.

YOU think to talk of this and that,
 And keep me here in silly chat,
 But I know, I know better.
 There clearly lies, kind Sir, your way,
 Pursue it then I humbly pray,
 And me you'll make your debtor.

Why, bless my stars, it's very odd,
 That here upon this harmless sod,
 I cannot stay in quiet.
 But now you know so clear my mind,
 Mayhap you'll leave me here behind,
 The path seems wide, pray try it.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Martyr, in Ditto.

GIVE me (you) a female soft and kind,
 Whose joy 'twould be to please me (ye):
 The beauties of her precious mind,
 Would neither charm nor teaze me (ye).

The dimpled cheek, and sparkling eye,
 To me (you) are wit and sound sense;
 And better worth a lover's sigh,
 'Than stores of mental nonsense.

The touch of honied velvet lips
 Is reason and bright science,
 And he who at the fountain dips,
 May scorn that *Nine's* alliance.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet, in Ditto.

A Pretty gemman once I saw,
 The neighbours said he studied law,

When full of grief,
In's hand a brief,
A poor man came,
Good Sir, he cried,
Lead on my side,
The lawyer *careless* answer'd——No !

rich gown'd parson wou'd you ask
To do a charitable task
For Tom and Sue,
A couple true,
Who'd fain be tied,
With eye elate,
And strut of state,
The parson *surly* answers——No !

Should lab'ring honest low-fed Dick,
In spite of starving, very sick
To doctor send
By some kind friend
To *beg* advice ;
He strait will see
No hope of fee,
And ten to one he answers——No !

A senator you ask to vote,
The dear red book he knows by rote,
His country's good
He understood
You had in view,
But shou'd he find
No place design'd,
How *polite* you know, means——No !

'To a young beauty wou'd you kneel,
 And talk of all the pangs you feel?
 With eye eskance
 She'll steal a glance,
 And blushing sigh,
 But shou'd you press
 Her power to bless,
 She'll whisper forth a *trembling*—No!

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the favorite Comic Opera
 The MAGICIAN NO CONJURER.

HOW my heart will sink within me,
 When I'm hugg'd by some She-bear;
 Or a Hag attempts to win me,
 With her serpent twining hair!
 Gad-a-mercy! what shall I do,
 To make love to such a Dido?

Kissing is a pleasant notion,
 When we meet a pretty maid;
 But becomes a devil's potion,
 If we hate, or are afraid!
 Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c. &c.

Kitty Codling was my deary,
 For she gave me half her vails;
 But the pleasure's not so cheary,
 When they court with teeth and nails!
 Gad-a-mercy! &c. &c. &c.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in Ditto.

If wives in the market were to be sold,
I'll tell you what I'd have for my gold;
A girl with an eye that seem'd to say,
"How do you do? 'Tis a very fine day!"

She shou'd have a lip
That pouts for a smack;
Be rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of the back!

Her bosom should be like the snow unsoil'd,
Her cheek as red as a lobster boil'd;
Her voice as sweet as the song of the lark,
And her hair thick and sandy, or curly and dark.

She should have a lip, &c.

Then 'tis you I mean to have and to hold,
For I love your charms as well as your gold;
And you have an eye that seems to say
"How do you do? 'Tis a very fine day!"

You've a rosy lip
That pouts for a smack;
Are rather crummy about the hip,
And large in the small of your back!

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Ditto.

FOOLS may say that I'm a Treat,
And the Magic's obsolete;
But throughout this famous nation,
All is done by conjuration.

Each does what he can, Sir,
To be thought a Necromancer.

When the client asks advice,
Lawyers deem the matter *nice*;
Touch their hands, and you shall see,
That there's Magic in a fee.

Each does all he can, Sir, &c.

Modest ladies look demure,
Mean no harm, that's very sure;
Yet exulting lovers tell,
How to gain them by a spell!

Each does all she can, Sir,
To obtain a Necromancer.

Magic with the bucks prevails,
And, like rats without their tails,
Every one among the crew,
Cries, "I'll do, I'll do, I'll do."

Each does all he can, Sir,
To be thought a Necromancer.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Ditto.

WHY dares the eagle bend his flight,
 To meet the sun's meridian light,
 With such exulting glee :
 'Tis not as poets have averr'd,
 Because he is the regal bird—
 It is, because he's free.

The roving zephyr, as it goes,
 Drinks the rich fragrance of the rose,
 Or wantons o'er the stream ;
 And from the calm, sequester'd spray,
 The linnet breathes her am'rous lay,
 To eve's departing beam.

But I, alas! am doom'd to bear
 The fetters of relentless care,
 From ev'ry joy confia'd :
 O no, to soothe my cruel pains,
 One cordial solace yet remains,
 The freedom of the mind.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in Ditto.

THOSE ruby lips, that radiant eye,
 The coldest heart of age might worm,
 A saint for her wou'd leave the sky ;
 I own Theresa was the charm.

For her the timid must be brave,
 Impetuous rush to war's alarm;
 And welcome death, if her to save,
 I own Theresa was the charm.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in Ditto.

WHEN one's drunk, not a girl but looks pretty,
 The country's as gay as the city,
 And all that one says is so witty,
 A blessing on brandy and beer!
 Bring the cup,
 Fill it up,
 Take a sup,
 And let not a fincher come near.

O give me but plenty of liquor,
 I'd laugh at the Squire or Vicar,
 And if I'd a wife, why I'd kick her,
 If e'er she pretended to sneer.
 Bring the cup, &c.

Tho' I know it's a heavy disaster,
 Yet I mind not the rage of my master,
 He bullies, and I drink the faster.
 A blessing on brandy and beer!
 Bring the cup, &c.

When a cherry-cheek'd maid I've my eye on,
I do many things she cries fie on ;
Ecod, I'm as bold as a Lion.

A blessing on brandy and beer !
Bring the cup, &c.

D U E T.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Mountain, in Ditto.

WHEN the toil of the day is oer, and the sheep are
in the fold,

And when across the broomy heath the whistling winds
blow cold ;

When the village dogs, in fear, at the moon begin to
howl,

And from some tott'ring wall is heard the melancholy
owl,

Then ev'ry danger is abroad, and grisly spectres glide,
While thro' the air, with dire intent, the witch and
wizard ride.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Ditto.

SURE girls are to be pitied,
Whenever they're committed.

For being kind and gay ;
And those that cry out shame,
Are very much to blame,
That's all I say.

I never could discover,
Why smiling on a lover,
Who wants to kiss and play,
Should be miscall'd offence ;
Is it not common sense,
That's all I say.

But tho' the grave and haughty,
Will swear it's very naughty,
'They'll think a diff'rent way ;
And do as others do ;
I know it to be true ;
That's all I say.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, in Ditto.

WHEN I get to town in the spring,
I'll contrive to be the thing,
Dancing,
Glancing,
Thus advancing,
Like the tilted Tips above me,
How I'll make the ladies love me !
Rustic scenes are only proper,
For the cattle and clodhopper.

CHORUS OF COUNTRYMEN.

Rustic scenes, &c.

As I walk along the street,
I'll attack each girl I meet ;
Grinning,
Whinnying,
Thus beginning ;
" Where my Dolly. are you going ?
She shall think me deuced knowing.

Rustic scenes, &c.

CHORUS.

Rustic scenes, &c.

O! when I set up my gig,
In my box-coat I'll look big,
Wetting,
Fretting,
Oversetting ;
Folks will say, when I am mellow,
" There he goes, a dashing fellow !"

Rustic scenes &c.

CHORUS.

Rustic scenes, &c.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Ditto.

O! TIME's a false friend, for he always enslaves,
 And the longer we know him, the worse he behaves:
 At eye, lip, and cheek, his vile arrows he throws,
 And shatters the lily, and ruins the rose.

In a lover he's shocking, I've heard people say,
 For he finds our attractions each hour fades away:
 He's the worst of all husbands, when girls pass their
 prime,
 For they are old Maids, who are married to Time.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Munden, in Ditto.

YES, is the word I love the best,
 It always sets my heart at rest;
 When I ask a pretty girl for a kiss,
 What pleasure there is, if she answers yes,
 Yes, yes, yes,
 What pleasure there is in a kiss!

No, is the word I hate the most,
 It makes me fit to give up the ghost;
 When instead of a kiss, I get a blow,
 And instead of a smile a sulky No;
 No, No, No;
 Now I hate the word and a blow.

Young maids are wrong to make a fuss,
 If a man, likes me, desires a buss;
 For I am certain to be at a loss,
 Whenever they pout and are dev'lish cross,
 Cross, cross, cross,
 I detest to be at a loss.

Yes, is the only word to please,
 It sets a youth so much at his ease,
 It gives him an air and a manner fine,
 And a winning look, just the same as mine;
 Mine, mine, mine;
 Yes, it gives him a manner fine.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Ditto.

ODDS my life! I'm a great Magician,
 Made her a fool without contrition,
 Soon I shall do whatever I will.
 Change birds and beasts into things uncommon,
 And at times a maiden into a woman,
 All by a touch of magical skill.
 Then I'll tell her a secret worth the knowing,
 That I myself have set her a going.
 O ho! she's off, a dainty creature!
 Neat in limb and pretty in feature;

Mr. Lover, I pray you be brisk !
 For should you chance to be fond of plenty,
 I'll bet you a guinea she'll content ye,
 And give you enough of fun and frisk.
 Yet I'll tell ye a secret worth the knowing,
 That I myself have set her a going.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Ditto.

'TIS courage charms all womankind,
 Inclines them to be tender ;
 And ev'ry girl expect to find
 An honest bold defender.

O ! they can never faithful be
 Who selfish fears discover,
 The trembling heart is not for me,
 I scorn a timid lover !

But you, I know, are very brave,
 Your look is so tremendous ;
 And you alone have pow'r to save
 From all who would offend us !

Yet, lest you should get in a scrape,
 And kill this magic stranger ;
 I think, 'tis wisest to escape,
 And fly the coming danger !

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Munden, in Ditto.

I'LL tell you all, both great and small,
For half a farthing, I'll box you all !
I believe you're no better taught than fed,
Come here, and I'll give you a clout o'th' head !

Tho' you may be bold, yet you'll find I am bolder,
And Tyger, the dog, shall be my bottle-holder !
(*Whistles*) Tyger ! Tyger !

You think you've done a pretty job,
By coming at night, the house to rob !
Yet, they say, the weakest goes to the wall,
And for half a farthing, I'll box you all !

Tho' you may be bold, &c.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in Ditto.

Care not who knows it, but I am a fellow,
Whose meaning is good, whether sober or mellow ;
And though my poor head has oft' need of a plaster,
Yet still there's a kindness 'twixt me and my master !

" Here, Peter," now calling,
" You rascal," now bawling ;
While I answer, " Coming ;"
Then carelessly humming,
As it pleases my fancy, move slower or faster !

If I had a place with a lady of beauty,
 I never a moment wou'd fail in my duty;
 With my hat in my hand, how I'd smile as I pass'd her
 And look sweet as sugar that's kept in a castor!

“Come hither, dear Peter,

“Thou troublesome creter!

And then I'd be sighing,

As if I were dying!

Oh, she shou'd be mistress, but I'd be her master!

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Ditto.

OH, what can match the pleasure
 A daughter's feeling prove,
 When re-obtain'd the treasure
 Of lost paternal love!

Like the moon's pure lustre warning,
 Her eye's pale grief depart,
 And a soften'd sigh remaining,
 Gives transport to her heart!

A Father long deluded,
 Shall hold her doubly dear!
 And she, no more secluded,
 Forget he was severe!

Like the moon's pure lustre, &c.

Planxty Na-Bock-Lech;

O R,

Dennis o' Neal's return from Campaigning

(a favorite Anglo-East-Indian-Irish Chant)

Sung by Mr. Dighton, at Sadler's-Wells.

FROM leath'ring and beating of Tippoo, and please
ye,

Hurroo! here's myself little Dennis come back;
To be sure I'm at home, where a man shou'd be easy,
Wi'h schemes in his head, and rupees in his sack;
By my soul it so pleases me now to be thinking,
How neat we shall hear the dumb creatures a chinking,
When snug at the tavern I pay for my drinking,
And sing to the tune of a Lafs and a-Lack!

Sing botheroo! ditheroo! fire away frisky!
Sure, ha'nt we caught the fly fox by the tail?
Ouch, 'twas the sword of Cornwallis, & right Irish whisky,
That made a rich Nabob of Dennis O'Neal!
Sing, Doo rol lol loo rol lol, Boo rol lol, loo rol lol,
Doo rol lol loo rol lol, boo rol loo.

Devil doubt the spalpeens in their news would palaver,
ye,—

All without ever a word of a flam;
How Cornwallis's lads dashing into the Cavery,
Leather'd away for Seringapatam:
Hubhubboo! by my shoul, its all true that they tell ye,
I stood it myself, till the heart in my belly
Flew up to my mouth, by the soul of Moll Kelly!
And the thing fav'd my life was a drop of a dram.

Sing Botheroo, ditheroo, &c.

Cornwallis, one morning, in Tippoo's fine garden,
 Had decently set himself down at his ease——
 Mister Lord, hollows Tippoo,—two words in that
 bargain!

Either get out of that Sir—or do as you please :
 With that the fly thief tore his kingdom asunder,
 And gave ev'ry man of us prize without plunder—
 'Twas a rich yellow harvest got in during thunder!
 And thrash'd out, by my soul! like a thrashing of
 pease.

Sing Botheroo, ditheroo, &c.

Now fait Mr. Tip—— wid your half a nation,
 Ne'er bother your dingy old face of a rap, ——
 For, as to your Sons, and their edification,
 We'll teach 'em good manners, ye terrible chap!
 And ye lads, here at home, only think what you're
 gaining; ——
 Long life to the trade of East-India Campaigning!
 For the while we've two Ostriches with us remaining,
 You're sure of a feather in Commerce's cap!

Sing Botheroo, ditheroo, &c.

A PLANXTY.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

IF you'd travel the wide world all over,
 And sail across quite round the globe,
 You must set out on horseback from Dover,
 And sail unto sweet Ballinrobe;
 'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
 That was built before Adam was breech'd,

Who liv'd in the reign of King Shamus,
Ere he was at the Boyne over-reach'd.
With my whack fal de lal, fal de lal lee,
Oh the land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
Connaut, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,
That city where first, as a spinster,
I open'd these pair of black eyes;
In this town there is fire without smoaking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And there's such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
The sons of the brave O's and Macs,
Who died whene'er they were victorious,
And after that ne'er turn'd their backs;
Our heads are stout and full of valour,
Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
And the ladies reward all our pains.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

St. Patrick is still our protector,
He made us an Island of Saints,
Drove our snakes and toads like an Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints;
Shen if you would live and be friskey,
And never die when you're in bed,
Come to Ireland and tippie the whiskey,
And drink ten years after you're dead.

With my whack fal de lal, &c.

BLUE EY'D NORAH.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at several Convivial Societies.

Tune,—The Sparrow.

AH, how can I my grief reveal!
How ease my tortur'd breast!
My heart a prey to hopeless love,
Oh, when shall I have rest?
Can I forget the luckless hour,
When first I knelt before her.
Alas! I ne'er shall see again
My lovely, blue-ey'd Norah.

Her vermil lip, love darting eye,
Her grace, each beauteous charm,
Ye envious powers! ah why did I
E'er gaze upon that form?
Her bosom cold as mountain snow,
Yet still I must adore her.
Ah, whither art thou gone, sweet maid!
Dear, lovely, blue ey'd Norah!

Ye nymphs, that trip the verdant plains,
Oh think what I must feel,
A sorrow now consumes my breast,
Which time can never heal!
Oh could I see the beauteous fair,
Again I'd kneel before her;
Or yield a prey to black despair,
And die for blue-ey'd Norah.

AIRS, &c. *Sung in the New Musical Romance, called*
The PRISONER.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, in Ditto.

WHENE'ER she bade me cease to plead;
Her breast would gently heave;
And prov'd her lip, beguil'd a heart
Ill practis'd to deceive,
As swelling waves that seem inclin'd,
To greet the shores they leave behind.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in Ditto.

POOR Carlos su'd a beauteous maid,

On her his happiness staking;
She frown'd upon his love—he sigh'd,
“ Ah me, my heart is breaking,”

She wed a swain of rich domains,

His humble love forsaking—

He thought her happy, and he smil'd,

Altho' his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,

She found with anguish aching;

He sunk, and gave her such a look,

Just as his heart was breaking.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in Ditto.

HOW charming a camp, where soldiers, late and
early,

With hair so tightly trimm'd up, and powder'd
so fine,

March, shoulder. present, while the serjeant so sooty,
 Drills the young recruits in the rear of the line,
 To a dub-a-dub—while so merry
 Beats the Drummer—dub-a-dub.
 Tho' bluff they look, and fierce, that lions sure
 are boldier,
 Yet the damsels don't fear'em—nay one, as I live,
 Come & ask'd me to give her my heart—but I told her,
 Says I, 'that's bespoken, and I've nothing else to give,'
 But—a dub-a-dub—ever merry
 Beats the drummer—dub-a-dub.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, in Ditto,

WHERE the banners of glory are streaming,
 Her image still lingers above;
 And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
 Which glow'd but with transports of love.
 Warlike deeds my soul inspire,
 As the battling thunders roll,
 Love and fame my bosom fire,
 And to conquest light my soul;
 And 'mid slaughter madly wounding,
 Heroes dying, groans resounding,
 Armour clashing,
 Lightning flashing,
 Angel pinion'd o'er her lover,
 With protecting wing she'll hover,
 Valour's genius—Memory's pleasure,
 Guardian of life's sacred treasure.
 What can check the soldier's course,
 Who, where war delights to rove,
 Strike with more than mortal force,
 Urg'd by Fame, impell'd by Love?

THE DOCTRINE OF AN ISRAELITE.

By Mr. Collins.

I Once was but a Pedlar, and my Shop was in
my Box,

So sure as I'm a sinoush and my name is Mordecai,
And I cheated all the World in spite of Whipping-
Post or stocks,

For I never sticks for Trifles when there's Monies
in the way :

I had Gold Rings of Copper gilt, and so I got
my Bread,

With Sealing Wax of Bricstduft, and Pencils with-
out Lead :

In my Pick-pack, Nick-nack, Tick-tack, Gim-crack,
Twing twang, Twink'lum Dee,

And sing Ting-ring Tink, the Clink to Chink, is the
Music still for me.

To make up goods the cheaper, some People steal
the Stuff,

And by selling of good bargains they never want
for Trade,

But I cou'd always find the Way to sell them cheap
enough,

As you know 'tis quite as easy for to steal them
ready-made :

And though I'm not a Christians, I shou'd think it
very great Sin,

When a Stranger comes across me—if I wou'd not
take him in. With my Pick-pack, &c.

Or suppose I do the business of a doctor or a priest,

And in Want of my Assistance a poor Man sent
for me,

As in doing of my Duty I wou'd myself at least,

If I spy a good fat Piece of Pork, and he cou'd
give no Fee ;

He may think I wou'd refuse it; bleſs my Soul, he is
 miſtaken,
 I cou'd ſell it, if not eat it, ſo that would not ſave
 his Bacon.

With my Pick-pack, &c.

Or if I was a Judge, or a Juſtice of the Peace,
 Whenever Proſecutors brings a Thief before the
 Bench,

If they ſwear upon the Book till they all was black
 in the Face,

Let the Priſoner uſe good Arguments—a Fig for
 Evidence :

But if the Rogue was Pennyleſs, my Work I wou'd
 go through,

As my Conſcience wou'd not let me rob the Gallows
 of its Due.

With my Pick-pack, &c.

Or ſuppoſe I was in Parliament, the ſcheme I wou'd
 propoſe,

So ſure as I'm a ſmouſh and my Name is
 Mordecai,

Wou'd be like the Little Ploughboy “ To ſell my
 Ayes and Noes.”

For I never ſticks for Trifles when there's Monie
 in the Way ;

And before I wou'd ſtand out, where there's Plenty
 of the Pelf

If the D-v-l was Purchaſer—By G—d, I'd ſell
 myſelf,

With my Pick-pack, Nick-nack, Tick-tack, Gim-
 crack, Twing-twang, Twink'lum Dee,

And ſing Ting-ring Tick, the Clink to Chink, is the
 Muſic ſtill for me.

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